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The Cardinal's Letter and Memorial Services.

LAST month we paid our tribute to the memory of the Good Queen whom God has taken from us, and expressed our deep sense of a loss which, in common with her other subjects throughout the world, her Catholic subjects have felt as a loss really personal to themselves. We bore testimony to the many blessings we owe to her solicitude as a ruler, and to the example of her virtues and Christian piety. And, realizing that the mass of her subjects are precluded by their creed from showing that mark of regard towards the dead which we hold to be the most important of all, we claimed the duty of praying for the repose of our late Queen's soul as one specially confided to her Catholic subjects, in which they would not fail. We were only saying what every other channel of Catholic utterance was saying, and what, during the intervening time, has been repeated from every Catholic pulpit; and probably there is not a single earnest Catholic throughout the Empire who, in response to an appeal which found him only too ready, has not said his *De profundis*, or heard his Mass over and over again for Queen Victoria; and not a priest but has laid the same intention before God, morning by morning, as he stood at the altar.

One further mark of loyal affection we were anxious to pay. Besides the special funeral service at Windsor and Frogmore, which was of course according to the rite of the Established Church, Memorial Services, as they are called, were being held throughout the Empire by all denominations, each following its own rite or method of public worship. Could not we, too, who were multiplying our private prayers, have also such a Memorial Service according to our Catholic rite—a Requiem Mass or some other public devotions for the dead—in which we could join collectively? It was a natural and proper desire, and was desired the more because private prayers, though not less efficacious, and even more real, do not so impress themselves on

the notice of others, and, without a public service, we might be misinterpreted and suspected of being out of sympathy with the national mourning.

To many Catholics it never occurred as possible that such a service might be found impracticable—so free from objection and so appropriate did it seem. Others, not less anxious to have it if possible, but better instructed in theological principles, had serious doubts whether it could be permitted. And here it is well to remember that the case had never arisen before in England, at least in this precise form of joining in a general system of Memorial Services for a dead Sovereign. Among Protestants the custom of holding services for the dead—or, to be more precise, in connection with the burial of the dead—other than that of the funeral itself is a growth of the late reign. In some measure it may be due to Queen Victoria herself, who used to hold one at Frogmore every year on the anniversary of her husband's death. It may be due also to the growth of the High Church party, which believes in the utility of prayers for the dead, and the silent influence which this party has exercised on the surrounding denominations. Far be it from us to find fault with the introduction of this new custom. It is excellent in itself, and corresponds with the sentiment deep-rooted in the human heart, which moves it to turn to God in prayer when it is made mindful of the dead. Still from the fact of the custom being thus new it follows that the difficulty which has arisen for the Catholics of the Empire is also new. At no previous demise of the Crown by the death of a Protestant Sovereign would it have occurred to anybody to expect a funeral service either in a Catholic church, or in any church or chapel whatever, save in that particular church of the dead Sovereign's own communion to which the body was carried for burial.

It was for the ecclesiastical authorities to say what should be done under the circumstances, and as the Cardinal Archbishop was in Rome, it was obvious that he would lay the matter before the Holy Father, whose freedom from servility to obsolete precedents has been displayed on several occasions, and whose known regard for the Queen—"his old friend," as he called her on receiving the news of her death—would cause him to refuse no permission which he could grant without sacrifice of principle.

The Cardinal's letter containing his directions for the clergy is familiar to us all, and does not need transcription here. The

substance of it was, that, whilst private prayers could be freely offered up for the repose of her Majesty's soul, the rule of the Church must be observed which allows Masses and prayers to be said publicly and by name only for those who have died within her communion. Of course the decision was a disappointment, and one cannot wonder that it should be felt as such by very many; nor, perhaps, that it should have seemed unintelligible to non-Catholics. One cannot wonder even that many Catholics should have been taken aback by a decision seeming to forbid the natural expression of their loyal sentiments, and certainly setting them in a highly unpleasant light before the eyes of their Protestant friends and critics. What is as surprising as it is regrettable is that some of these Catholics, instead of collecting information from authentic sources, should have given credence to mere newspaper reports of public Masses alleged to have been said for the Queen in various remote parts; and, instead of recognizing, as they had every reason to do, that the Cardinal was only doing his duty under painful circumstances, should have represented him to a Protestant public as one who had been led by ignoble motives to issue an irritating and uncalled-for prohibition. It is distressing to allude to the recent letters to the papers conceived in this sense, but it is impossible to ignore them altogether, if one touches on the subject at all, as it seems desirable to do, that our readers may be the better able to understand our position and interpret it to their Protestant friends.

These will concede to us that a man is not chargeable with disloyalty to an earthly Sovereign merely because he will not be disloyal to a religious principle by which he believes himself to be conscientiously bound. A Protestant who believes prayers for the dead to be unlawful is not uncharitable to a dead Catholic relation when he withholds them. A Jew, of priestly descent, conceives himself bound by the Old Testament law not to remain in the same house with a corpse. We have heard of such persons refusing to serve on a coroner's jury. Who could charge one, in such a case, with disrespect to the justice of his country? Nor would any reasonable hostess hold a Catholic visitor guilty of a social offence if he felt unable to eat meat at her table on a Friday. Rather we all respect those who are true to their principles even under trying circumstances. Why, then, is it to be a reproach against the Catholics of this realm that they adhere to a strict rule of their Church, which reserves her

sacraments and solemn rites of requiem for those only who live and die in her communion? This rigid adherence to principle is, at all events, characteristic of the Catholic Church. As long as principles remain intact, it is remarkable how much she will concede in the interests of peace or some other good cause. But when a principle is at stake, no popular outcry will succeed in moving her. Rather than sacrifice it she will brave misinterpretation, misrepresentation, indignant condemnations, downright and enduring persecutions. If only Clement VII. had been prepared to sacrifice the principle of the indissolubility of the marriage bond just for once, in all human probability the separation of this country from the Holy See might have been prevented. If only Pius IV. would have sanctioned an occasional attendance at the Protestant service, imposed as a test on the Catholics by the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity—and a purely outward attendance would have sufficed—they might have saved their lives and properties. But a principle was involved in either case, and the Church must hold to it at all costs. This fidelity to principles is, in short, an essential habit which will always cling to her; it is, moreover, precisely what the best men admire in her.

But is it a principle which has been at stake recently? So men have asked, pointing to the newspaper reports of Requiem Masses at Ottawa, at Santiago de Cuba, at Cape Town, at Boston, at Paris. So they have asked, with a simple faith in the accuracy of modern journalism. But the answers to inquiries made have only served to demonstrate that the Pope and the Bishops have followed one and the same rule everywhere. It has been shown, too, that the rule is no new rule, but a very ancient one. A letter to the *Times* of Feb. 15th, by Mgr. Stanley, has pointed out, what may also be read in Ballerini's *Opus Morale*,¹ that a case similar in its essential features arose in Bavaria in 1842.

A certain monastery [according to Mgr. Stanley, the Abbey of Scheyern] in Bavaria, had been restored to the monks by the King of Bavaria, on condition that a funeral service (*funus*) should be held for the King and his Queen Consort, and likewise for all future kings and queens, both on the day of their death and on its anniversaries. When, during the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., a Queen happened to die who was not a Catholic, the Abbot thought the difficulty might be arranged by having a funeral service for the said non-Catholic person, but with a

¹ Vol. vii. p. 198.

Mass offered up not for her specially, but generally for the Royal Family. Gregory XVI., however, on being consulted, answered on July 9th, 1842: "Keeping to the rules of Holy Church, we answer that the intention to offer up the Divine Sacrifice or other prayers for the dead of the Royal Family in general, does not suffice to render (such Mass or prayers) lawful, when they have been asked for specially and by name as a public funeral ceremony for a non-Catholic person, and are celebrated on the death of that person, or its anniversaries. Nor can we permit of any evasion of the law prohibiting solemn rites for the dead to be celebrated for a non-Catholic, a law which rests on the Catholic doctrine itself."

Mgr. Stanley also quotes from Probst, *Exequien*, p. 129, another letter of Gregory XVI., written earlier in the same year, namely, on Feb. 13, 1842, by the Bishop of Augsburg, who had had in his Cathedral, not indeed a Requiem Mass, but a *Libera* (*i.e.*, the Absolutions antiphon from the Mass of Requiem), said for the same Protestant Queen Caroline of Bavaria. In this letter Gregory used still more distinct language, which shows that the rule is ancient as well as new. "Alike by the ancient and modern disciplinary rule of the Church, it is forbidden to award Catholic rites to those who have died in external and notorious heresy."¹

There can thus be no question of the antiquity and universality in the Catholic Church of the rule which has stood in the way of a Requiem Mass for the Queen. It might be urged, however, by those who are *au courant* with the theology of the subject that the prohibition is not one of divine law, but of ecclesiastical law only; one which the Church did not receive as a trust from her Divine Founder, but imposed herself in the exercise of the authority He gave her. But if she made it she can unmake it, either *in toto* by repealing it, or for an individual case by special dispensation. Why, then, should so reasonable a dispensation be withheld in the present instance?

Those who put the question so glibly cannot be aware of the difficulties with which it is beset. What they ask is that the special dispensation should have been given for the present occasion, and therefore at once. Now it would have been

¹ In this passage, as it appears in the original Latin in the *Times*, there is a most unfortunate misprint of *extrema* for *externa* (*extreme* instead of *external heresy*). By calling her heresy external Gregory meant to guard himself against seeming to affirm that the Bavarian Queen's adherence to her religion was culpable. And still less—for we all had evidence of her wonderful integrity of character—has there been any wish to impute blame to our late Queen's attachment to the creed in which she was brought up.

impossible because unjust to isolate the case of a Sovereign, however universally loved and respected by her people, and the case of others. We are always prone to be carried away by a strong feeling when it is shared and vehemently expressed by vast multitudes of others. But we must not forget that what we are all feeling in regard to the late Queen, in private life many and many a convert has to feel when some beloved relation who is not a Catholic, a mother, for instance, has died. How much he would like to hear the dear name given out from the altar on the Sunday morning among those to be prayed for; how much he would like to invite his friends and relations to a Mass or Dirge sung or said for her, as it is wont to be said or sung when a Catholic dies, and as he hopes that it may be sung or said some day for himself. He submits to the Church's law, though not improbably through his tears, because, even if he does not understand the reason, he has confidence in her and is convinced that her laws must be wise. But what a shock for him it would be were he to find that what is denied in the case of his personal relations, is granted without hesitation in the case of a Sovereign. The Queen (he would say) was good, no doubt, and religious-minded, and was the mother of her people, and my affectionate regrets follow her to the grave. Still, my mother was good too, and pious according to her lights, and in death all are equal. Can it be just that these claims should be disregarded in her case just because she was in a private station, and allowed in the case of the Queen because she was a Sovereign?

Any one who will reflect on these considerations, which perhaps many of our readers will find to come home to them with a very personal significance, will see that the demand made on the Holy Father and the Bishops could not be limited to the case of Queen Victoria, but opens out a much wider issue and becomes the broad question whether the restriction of the Church's public rites to the exclusive use of Catholics, a restriction which has certainly been in use from time immemorial, and, as we may presume, from the first ages of the faith, should now be removed. Now even, if we were to grant the advisability of so radical a change in the discipline of the Church, surely no sensible person could expect that it should be made on a sudden impulse, at a time of national emotion, in a case peculiarly adapted to compromise the general situation. That would obviously be the very worst time which could be

chosen for subverting an age-long system, and the most likely to acquire for the system substituted the evil reputation of having owed its origin not to the counsels of a wise prudence, but to a weak yielding to popular clamour.

This consideration of itself affords convincing evidence that the Pope and the Cardinal followed the only course open to them when they gave directions that we must not have any public services for the Queen's soul in our churches. Still, if it be true, as we have shown it to be, that the death of the Queen has called fuller attention to the painful position in which Catholics with Protestant relatives often find themselves placed, it may be thought that at least the opportunity should be taken to reconsider at leisure whether it is not possible to introduce the desired change. This, of course, is a point for the Holy See to consider and decide, not for any subordinate authority, still less for the Catholic body generally. It is lawful, however, to consider the *pros* and *cons* as they appear to us, as this will aid us the better to understand what we may hope for, or must resign ourselves to.

It may be thought to militate in favour of a less exclusive system, that the non-Catholic Christians of the present age are mainly those who have inherited their non-Catholic creeds and communions from generations of ancestors. This means that separation from the communion of the Catholic Church is much more intelligible and excusable in them than in the generations which took upon themselves the responsibility of creating the schisms, and that, in fact, it is clear to the Catholics of the present age that the large number of whom her late Majesty was a type are kept out of the Catholic Church, not because they are rejecting but rather because they are following what lights they have. But this being their position, can we not claim them as being with us in heart—in the soul of the church, though not in its body, as our technical phrase, derived from remote ages, has it—or, in the communion of the invisible Church, as Protestant language would be more prone to express it—and, as such, fit subjects for the prayer and sacrifice which the Church offers up for those “who have gone before us with the sign of faith,” as the Canon of the Mass has it, or “whom the true faith has united with the angel bands,” as the Collect in the Burial Service describes them?

We have endeavoured to state as forcibly as possible the thoughts which, if we interpret them aright, are in the minds

of those Catholics who have been complaining of the Cardinal's recent action. No doubt the case, as thus presented, is persuasive, but it rests on a misunderstanding.

If the Church were to adopt the principle suggested, and accord the benefit of her sacrifices and public prayers to all who, though outside her communion, showed the signs of having held their non-Catholic creed in all sincerity, she could not stop there. Her habit is to suppose the best as regards the internal dispositions of those who die in her fold. She does not deny her rites of burial and her Requiem Masses to Catholics even when they die under circumstances which strain to the utmost her hopes of their salvation—unless, indeed, they have incurred a positive excommunication, as is the case with suicides. It would be necessary, therefore, if she were to allow her rites to any class of non-Catholics, to allow them to all, assuming the possibility of good faith in all, at least for the last moment of conscious life. Hence, if she is to follow any line of demarcation at all in discriminating between those to whom she shall extend and those to whom she shall deny her rites, it must be the line she does in fact follow, the line of demarcation between those who are in outward communion with her and those who are not, and this, as we have seen, is precisely the line of demarcation assigned by Gregory XVI. in the passage quoted above, in which he says, "the Catholic rites must not be given to those who die in the external and notorious profession of heresy."¹

Perhaps it will be said that in employing the term "rites" as if it were equivalent to "prayers" we are confusing the question. The two terms are very distinct in meaning, it may be contended, and no one expects the administration of Catholic rites to persons not in external communion with the Church. All desired is that public prayers for them should not be denied, and the consequences do not seem very serious even if allowance of the practice does involve that the public prayers should be offered for all without distinction, whether the signs of good faith in them when they died were apparent or the contrary. Here, however, we touch the very root of the misunderstanding we have referred to as underlying the demand for innovation. Be it noticed that in the passage

¹ Heresy may seem a hard term to use, but it is used here of the religion, not the person. Any religion which contradicts that of the Catholic Church is in her eyes a heresy; but a heretic is one who professes a heresy in bad faith.

quoted, Gregory XVI., though dealing with precisely the case of Requiem Masses and requiem services, calls them by the name of "Catholic rites." He uses also the term "funeral services" (*funus*) as a generic term, including all that was sought for in the way of public services for the deceased Queen of Bavaria. It is because the Church regards these services as not mere prayers, such as any one might offer, but as solemn rites of special efficacy which in that respect are akin to sacramentals, and are consequently reserved for the use and benefit of her own children. They are, in short, regarded by the Church as belonging to the same category in this respect as the administration of her sacraments. They are the rights and privileges and the symbols of external communion with the Catholic Church. That this is the nature of Masses and other Offices for the Dead is particularly clear, if we consider them in their relation to the funeral service. To refer once again to the letter of Gregory XVI., he calls Masses and other Offices for the Dead by this very name of funeral services (*funus*). They are in fact an extension of these latter, and this is what His Eminence meant by saying that to hold a Memorial Service for Queen Victoria according to the Catholic rite would be tantamount to claiming her as a Catholic.

Protestants would have realized, and probably resented this, had they witnessed the kind of service which we should have had to hold. The catafalque would have been erected in the church—that is to say, if the service had been solemnized in a manner befitting the death of a Sovereign—and before it the absolutions would have been pronounced, during which it would have been incensed and sprinkled with water—actions which, as the catafalque represents the coffin containing the body of the deceased, would have been intended for the body of the dead Queen, the implication being that with such rites she had been laid in the grave in some Catholic cemetery. Even if no catafalque had been erected, the omission of the graphic ceremony would not have changed the essential character of the Mass, since the relation of the former to the latter is merely that of bringing out more distinctly its intended meaning. And the same has to be said of other services for the dead, such as the Dirge, or the antiphon *Libera*, which the Bishop of Augsburg seems to have used in 1842, or any other prayers whatever, if said publicly for a deceased person, and as such in the name of the Church. They could not be

disengaged from the same signification as attaches to the Burial Service and the Requiem Masses. The essential meaning attaching to them all would have been that we were endeavouring to administer to the deceased a Catholic rite, and would the Protestants of England, or the Royal Family, or the Queen herself, or any other deceased Protestant in whom Catholics were specially interested, have wished or tolerated that we should do that?

These are the reasons in view of which it is not only explicable why the permission to hold Memorial Services for the Queen was refused, but also unlikely that the Church will ever change her rule of restricting such services to the use and benefit of members of her own communion. But a word remains to be said about private prayers, and what have been misleadingly called private Masses, that is to say, Masses for private intentions on behalf of the non-Catholic dead. A writer to the *Times* could not see how any such distinction could be lawfully made, and concluded that the distinction was casuistical, in other words a distinction without a difference. But there is a vast difference between the two. We have recently seen the European Powers declining, when pressed to it by their subjects, to make overtures to England to arbitrate between her and her South African foes. They knew well that such attempts to intervene would be resented as unfriendly acts. But it would not do to conclude from this that no private interchange of ideas has taken place between foreign Sovereigns and ours, or members of foreign Governments and members of ours. We have no means of knowing whether there have been, but if there were, it is not likely that representations of this private nature were similarly resented as unfriendly acts. And why? Clearly because of the difference of significance attaching to private and public, to unofficial and official, acts. In the one case, it is nation taking action against nation; in the other, it is a conversation between individuals; and much more latitude can be left to the latter than to the former. And so with the public services of the Church and the private devotions of individual Catholics. There is an essential difference of significance between the two. The Church's public services, when celebrated on behalf of definite persons whom she mentions by name, have the significance of quasi-sacramental acts and privileges of communion granted to those persons, and the only distinction among such persons which the Church can recognize,

is the visible distinction of external communion or the contrary between them and herself.

To the prayers and Masses said and heard by priests and people privately, or without external expression in the words of the service, the same official significance does not attach. A greater latitude is in that case left which allows of taking into account not merely the external distinctions of creed and communion, but the hopes and persuasions that one may form on the basis of less or greater probability that the persons for whom they are offered served God faithfully according to their lights and have died in His grace, and so can profit by the intercessions of the living. And inasmuch as this private action, by the side of official action, is open to the entire *personnel* of the Catholic Church, from the Pope down to the young child, inasmuch, too, as the Church encourages this outflow of private prayer for all without distinction who in the judgment of God need and can profit by it, and includes them all likewise in her own public prayers, though without specific allocation in her own name to any individual, she must be held to do her own part amply and abundantly in the great system of supplications and intercessions on behalf of all men, which the Apostle enjoins. And, indeed, to return to the case of our late Queen, who could doubt this who witnessed, on the Sunday following her funeral, the crowds in the Catholic churches in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed, first asking God's blessing on the new reign, and then in solemn silence praying fervently for the repose of the soul of the Sovereign whose glorious reign had ended?

S. F. S.

The Religious Art of the Twentieth Century.

WE have insisted, in a former article, on the elementary truth, which is, however, very far from being always accepted as axiomatic, that religious art ought to be, in the first place, religious, and, in the second place, artistic, and on an obvious corollary to this proposition, viz., that of religious art, as such, the intelligent and devout Christian is, in the first instance, the normal judge. It is he who has the first claim to be satisfied ; and if he is dissatisfied there is something amiss. If, on the other hand, he is satisfied, then the work of art which may be in question must be held to have fulfilled its first and most important function ; though it still remains for the more highly trained observer to pronounce whether it possesses other qualities which lie beyond the ken of the simple, and for the expert to decide whether or to what extent it approaches technical perfection. The recognition of this principle we take to be of very real importance. For if the principle be not acknowledged, then it will inevitably follow that artists and their patrons will be more or less dominated by the tyranny of fashion or convention, and will adopt or even emphasize the less admirable characteristics of some favourite old master or school, or of some modern coterie of adepts or connoisseurs. But indeed the mere circumstance that Cimabue or Fra Angelico or Perugino or Raphael or Titian, or any one of a hundred great painters, antique, mediæval, or modern, adopted this or that treatment of a particular sacred subject, is no reason whatever why the modern religious artist should follow in his footsteps. In art, as in literature, and in every department of human life, the first principle of right action is that the primary end or purpose should be rightly chosen and wisely pursued. It has been said with truth that a Life of Jesus Christ must be judged to be good or successful in proportion as it helps towards the carrying-out of that purpose for which our Lord lived here on earth. And with the same truth it may be said that a pictorial representation of any

incident in our Lord's life, or in that of His saints, is good in proportion as it is calculated to produce on the beholder the effect which is proper to the mystery itself. In other words, it is good in proportion as it is a help to prayer and meditation. Does it therefore follow that technical excellence is of no account? Not by any means. Every one would wish that in art, as in other matters, the very best of its kind should be devoted to the service of God. Moreover, the devotional needs of the cultured classes have to be considered together with those of the poor and the unlettered, and to cultivate and refine the tastes of the latter is one part, though a subsidiary and incidental part, of the work of the Church upon earth. In this, as in other respects, the Church has been a mighty civilizer. Again, the associations which cluster round a picture whose praise is in the mouths of all, are themselves a help to that enthusiasm of devotion which was never more needed than at the present day. Let us then, by all means, have the very highest technical perfection which may be attainable; but let there also be a due subordination of means to ends, and of secondary to primary ends. The value of a close study of the history of art lies in this, that in the productions of every school and of every master there are points which deserve imitation. The danger of this same study lies in the temptation to find some imagined excellence in what is really a concomitant defect, and to imagine that a style or a method of treatment is admirable because it is ancient, fit for the future because it has been employed in the past. The past has its lessons, in art as in literature; but, as in literature, the question to be asked must ever be, not who has said this or that, but what is the value of the saying, so in art the relevant question is—not who has painted thus or thus, or where is such a treatment of this or that subject found, but—are the method and the treatment worthy of the subject, and are they calculated, at the present day and in the future, to further the end or purpose proper to the subject itself? It is only when this question can be satisfactorily answered that the claims of artistic tradition or of artistic convention can rightly be admitted.

More than one recent writer has dwelt upon the emancipation of modern literature from old-fashioned canons of taste and of composition, and this, not simply as an outcome of some spirit of anarchy whether latent or blatant, but from an instinctive conviction that it is the result which is important, and that a literary production ought to be valued more for what it does than for

what it is, though of course what it does will greatly depend on what it is. The modern reader, it has been observed, is rather tired of literature which is only literature; he has no time to read for the mere sake of reading. He reads for the sake of what the writer has to teach, though he very properly insists that the teaching shall not be rendered unpalatable by any slovenliness of style, that it shall be forcible in expression as well as weighty in substance. And this is true, at least, of the class of readers which need be reckoned with. The reader who seeks only to be amused belongs to another category. But with the increasing proportion of serious readers, literature itself shows, if we mistake not, a tendency to become more serious.¹

And seriousness should be, and, it may be hoped, will be, a foremost characteristic of twentieth-century religious art, no less than of twentieth-century literature. But what does seriousness in religious art imply? On the negative side it implies a resolute self-renunciation on the part of the artist, that is to say, the renunciation of all efforts to produce a work which shall be striking by reason either of its archaism or of its originality, by reason of its strict adhesion to or its bold departure from earlier ideals, or of its exhibition of some special power or fancy of the individual painter; the absence of all straining after "effects," whether of colour, grouping, or posture, or, to speak more correctly, the absence of an attempt to produce any effect which is foreign to the main purpose of the work in hand. Speaking of art as cultivated in a Benedictine monastery at the present time, the author of *A Day in the Cloister* tells us that in the production of this school "there are no artistic singularities, no conceited self-seeking eccentricities."² An Italian of the quattrocento or the cinquecento might revel and run riot with brilliant colouring in the sheer joy of life under a cloudless sky; or might strive to outdo his fellow-artists by introducing some fresh combination of the constituent elements in the presentment of some well-worn theme; or might choose to display his knowledge of anatomy by the delineation of unusual or violent attitudes; or might take occasion to pay court to a patron by the introduction of portraiture into his composition. A

¹ See, on this subject, a very thoughtful and suggestive article by Père H. Bremond in the *Études* of April 5, 1900. The article, entitled *Christus Vivit, Le Livre d'un Siècle*, is based upon a review of the literature and art of the nineteenth century by MM. Brunetière and Pératé in *Un Siècle, 1800—1900*, vol. ii. pp. 299, seq., 351, seq.

² Camm, *A Day in the Cloister*, p. 250. Sands and Co.

mediæval German or French painter might indulge his mystical fancy in the elaboration of some more or less complicated allegory—as when he made the leverets chase the unicorn, who takes refuge in the bosom of Mary. An English pre-Raphaelite might gratify his desire to puzzle the beholder with an artistic riddle. A *fin-de-siècle* impressionist might amuse himself among scales and chords of colour; or his brother the realist might exercise his skill in the correct representation of an Oriental comb or hairpin. But the religious artist of the century that has dawned may be expected to aim at something better than any of these things. He will be, let us hope, more deeply conscious of the real needs of the age, more keenly sensible of life's problems, more wakefully and more earnestly alive to the momentousness of his mission.¹ For this mission is no less than to present to the mind and heart of man, through the medium of the visual sense, those personages and those mysterious acts, whether recorded for us in Holy Scripture or preserved by tradition, by whom and by means of which it pleased God to work out the redemption of mankind, and to teach us the way of life by translating the divine attributes into the language of human action. It is his, above and before all else, to set before us, as worthily as it may be possible to do so, Christ our Lord and His Blessed Mother. To this chief and primary aim every other consideration must be absolutely subordinated. And, this being so, the very first necessity for the religious artist is to steep his mind and his heart in the thought and the love of Him and of her whom it is to be his privilege to set before his fellow-men. It is not without good reason that Mrs. Jameson, in the Introduction to her *Legends of the Madonna as represented in the Fine Arts*, sets in the forefront of her treatment of the subject the splendid lines of Dante, which, well-known as they are, we shall be forgiven for quoting once more.

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thine own Son;
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordained;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee that its great Maker did not scorn
To make Himself His own creation;

¹ "Le jour n'est pas loin, en effet, où les vrais créateurs ne voudront pas d'un autre art que celui que la foule peut comprendre et goûter, et n'auront pas d'ambition plus haute que de donner à cet art nouveau, simple et populaire, la consécration de la génie." (Bremond, l.c. p. 12.)

So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
 That whoso grace would find, yet not to thee
 Cometh for aid, he fain would have desire
 Fly without wings. Not him alone who asks
 Thy bounty succours ; but doth freely oft
 Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
 Of excellence in creature, pity mild
 Relenting mercy, large munificence,
 Are all combined in thee.

And to combine and express all these qualities united in one person, and at least to suggest the divine attributes of her Son, this must ever be the primary aim of the religious artist ; an aim which he can never hope to realize unless he be something more and better than an artist, namely, a man of deeply religious, we had almost said of contemplative, life.

The great, the paramount need of the day, as our Holy Father Pope-Leo XIII. has so often reminded us, is that men should come to understand better what are our riches in Christ. And to understand what are our riches in Christ is to apprehend in some measure the depths, whether of actual degradation or of prospective misery, from which we have been lifted, or from which we need to be lifted, and the height of the destiny to which we have been raised, by Him and by Him alone ; the breadth of the all-embracing love which has so lifted and raised us ; and more particularly the long series of ministrations whereby with divine ingenuity that love has been made effective for those who will avail themselves of it. And the artist who can help men to understand these things is doing his part, and no inconsiderable part, in the preaching of the Gospel. We do not ask of him that he shall depict for us the torments of the lost. It is his rather to set before us the brighter aspects of the divine economy, to shadow forth the splendours of the faith. It is his to suggest rather than to express the terrors of God's wrath ; for who does not see the risk of failure to which a present-day painter of a "Last Judgment" would expose himself if he should attempt a realistic presentment of those who are condemned to God's eternal prison-house ? This is a theme the development of which is more wisely, perhaps, left to the preacher.

To bring a balm to wounded hearts, to utter a message of comfort to stricken souls, silently to reprove the frivolous, to show peace, impersonated in the Holy Family, dwelling in the midst of poverty and hardship, to portray ecstatic joy in the

gaze that is turned away from earth, to depict to the eye the gracious dignity of lowliness, the indomitable strength of meekness, the beauty that shines through the anguish of suffering ; so to represent the Crucified that we may seem to hear from His lips the prayer for forgiveness, the words of promise to the thief, the charge reciprocal to Mary and to John, the cry of agony in thirst and in abandonment, the commendation of the human Spirit to the Father ; so to lay out the dead Christ upon Mary's lap that His Sacred Body may be as a book wherein we may read at our Mother's knee, written large in letters of blood, the story of God's love for men and of man's ingratitude to God ; so to conceive and express the entombment that it may seem an invitation to man to open his heart and find room for the memory of the dead Christ for whom at His birth no room was found ; so to set forth the Transfiguration, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Apocalyptic glories of Heaven, that the beholder may be drawn to fix his hopes where we hold an abiding franchise, not here where our habitation is but the tent of a night's encampment ; in a word, to rouse faith to a more wakeful life, to stir hope to a more longing intensity, to kindle divine charity to a very flame of affective love ; and—we repeat it once more—to do this for the poor and the simple who need it most ; all this and nothing less than this is the function of the Christian artist who understands his high calling.¹ Has this, or anything like this, ever been done ? Surely yes, in many parts and in sundry ways. Yet not so but that it may be better done in the century before us. The end was well understood in that period of the history of the Church that has been well called *the age of compunction*, the age of St. Louis and the age of the Crusades ; but the means had not then been brought to perfection. And by the time that the means had been perfected, by the time that the great painters of Southern and Northern Europe had learned their anatomy,

¹ M. Pératé, and with him Père Bremond, discovers, in a retrospect of the past century, "les indices de la naissance, du lent progrès, et de la prochaine victoire, d'un art nouveau. Art qui ne se désintéressera plus de la vie nationale, qui ne sera plus pour la volupté de quelques élus, mais pour la joie et la lumière de tous, qui ira franchement au peuple, et qui tiendra la branche d'olivier non seulement au-dessus des haines sociales, mais encore entre la terre et le ciel." Christ, says the writer, will draw to Himself the art of the future ; and it will be an art that will appeal to the crowd and draw them whither it is itself drawn. "Cet art ne pourra qu'être chrétien, parce que la nature observée sincèrement et tendrement aimée ramène au Créateur." People are tired of the pride which makes of art the slave of the rich. (Bremond, l.c. pp. 13—16.)

and their perspective, and the use of light and shade, and the capabilities of many pigments, and the art of pictorial composition, the end had meanwhile been in great measure lost sight of, or obscured by the interposition of human and less worthy aims. But now the world has lived long enough to look back with disappointment and dissatisfaction upon the mis-calculated efforts of Renaissance artists to serve at once God and mammon; long enough to sicken of the cant of schools and styles, and conventions and technicalities, and to demand as a first and indispensable qualification in an artist a serious purpose and an earnest and single-minded sincerity in its pursuit; long enough to understand that a painting is worthy of admiration or imitation, not because it is the work of a Byzantine, or Florentine, or Umbrian, or Lombard master, but because, in this or that point which is of moment in itself, some Byzantine, or Florentine, or Umbrian, or Lombard, or Flemish, or German, or English artist, whether ancient, mediæval, or modern, has achieved or approached success. To sum up all that has been said or needs to be said on this point, we may quote once more the author of *A Day in the Cloister*:

If we keep ever in view, as the true object of all religious art, the glory of God and the inspiring of genuine devotion, art will then become more like that of the early Christian times, with its sublime dogmatic earnestness of presentment, than are the modern vapid productions which usurp its name. Nor will it be wanting in either spirit or form, but as a pure soul manifests itself in the clear frank eye, so will the sublimity of the conception be reflected in the spiritual beauty of the form.¹

Religious art then, the art of the future, must, if it is to fulfil its true functions, be serious; that is to say, its aim must be high, its purpose single, its effort earnest as for an issue of relatively supreme importance.

And secondly, it will be truthful. It will not condescend to any untruthful devices in order to commend the truth. It will banish apocryphal histories and groundless legends, or if such matters should still hold a place by reason of their symbolical value, they must by no means be put forth as if they were the authentic records of historic fact. This, however, is a point on which we need not here enlarge. It is more to the purpose to point out that by truthfulness we by no means understand

¹ P. 251.

either exclusively or even principally what is sometimes called realism, that is to say, the exhibition of every event in the life of Jesus and of Mary and of the Saints precisely as it appeared or may be conjectured to have appeared to the eye. Art is not photography, and while we entertain a most sincere respect for the conscientious accuracy of a Tissot, we cannot pretend to regard this quality as the *summum bonum* in the department of religious painting. The scenes from the life of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, which form so large a proportion of the material on which religious art must work, were not merely human incidents, but human incidents enshrining divine mysteries; and the mystery that was hidden was not less but in a very true sense more real than the outward show and seeming. It falls then within the province of religious art, and in particular it belongs to the truthfulness of art, so to represent the outward fact as to suggest the inward mystery. We do not say that this must always and everywhere be done, but we do insist that the attempt is legitimate and that, *per se*, it is better made than omitted. And this the more so because the function of religious art is to set forth Christian truth under its more beautiful aspects. In this connection we cannot perhaps do better than to repeat some words on the subject which appeared in the columns of the *Tablet* about six months ago in an article entitled: *The Transfiguration and Christian Art*.

To ordinary Christians, and to the every-day ministers of the Christian dispensation, the special prerogative of illuminative visions [such as those of the prophets, or manifestations such as that of the Transfiguration of our Lord in the sight of three chosen Apostles] is of course not accorded. And yet, in so far as our work and our trials, as members of an Apostolic Church, do in a measure and in a far off way resemble those of the prophets and Apostles themselves, we, too, have need of something at least remotely analogous to those glimpses of the divine majesty which were granted to them. We, too, need some foretaste, or, let us say, some foresight, of the glory of the Lord. For us, imagination, rightly cultivated and rightly exercised, must be a substitute for the clearness of actual vision. . . . And in this reflexion lies one element in the justification of the elaborate ritual of the Church, and of the magnificence—we use the word deliberately—of true Christian art. . . . One of the most important functions of Christian art is to foreshadow, in a manner that appeals to the composite nature of man, the glory which is in store for them that are faithful to the end. And hence one of its essential features is, or ought to be, magnificence. The best Christian art in all ages has had the character of splendour. It has been said, and said truly, that the

art of the middle ages was ideal, ideal by reason of its symbolism, ideal because, in its manner of presentment, it transcended nature. But it is not without a strange confusion of ideas that the ideal art of an Angelico . . . has often been contrasted with "realism." Realism forsooth! It is by a curious irony of fate that an age of self-complacent enlightenment has dignified with the name of "realism" the accurate portrayal of the external . . . details of life that meet the eye. As if the outward appearance of things were indeed their very reality, and not rather that inward truth which cannot be seen, but which can be suggested to the mind through the medium of the senses. As if τὸ φαινόμενον and not rather τὸ νοούμενον, were the very essence of things.¹

To this idealizing process belongs, of course, the clothing of Mary and the Saints, or of our Lord Himself, in splendid raiment, the use of light shed upon the scene from no natural source, the introduction of angels into the composition, and the introduction of the Saints of a later age into scenes from the life of our Lord. Modern taste would shrink from so concrete and material a representation as that of the corona of dancing angels above the stable at Bethlehem introduced by Botticelli into that picture of the Nativity which is one of the treasures of our National Gallery. But while a modern artist might prefer to etherealize his angels somewhat more than even Fra Angelico has done, their introduction in sacred scenes is plainly legitimate, and is no offence against truth rightly understood. And as regards the apparently anachronistic introduction of latter-day saints in the train, for instance, of the Magi, the artists of the ages of faith "well understood that our Lord Jesus Christ is the Eternal Word to whom all times and all generations of men are alike present," and that the events of His life were not passing incidents, but were momentary unveilings of timeless mysteries. So much, then, for the idealism and the splendour of religious art.

Again, the religious art of the future will probably, we think, be characterized by a certain simplicity. It is the great truths, the fundamental virtues, the primary emotions, which matter. The multitude of details which distract the attention in a great composition by Titian, or the comparatively trivial motives of many an Italian *Conversazione* (in the sense of the term which has become technical in religious art) would now be felt to be impertinent. They proclaim the power or the ingenuity of the

¹ *The Tablet*, August 11th, 1900, p. 203.

painter rather than the greatness of his theme.¹ There are subjects, of course, such as the Last Judgment, the glories of Heaven, and certain scenes in the life of our Lord, when treated on a large scale, which demand the introduction of a multitude of figures; but even here simplicity should prevail, inasmuch as the aim ought to be, here as elsewhere, not to produce a photograph, but to express an idea. The grouping of the crowds on the stage at Ober-Ammergau will probably be found to illustrate, as well as it admits of being illustrated, the art of combining monumental simplicity in the principal figures of a composition with multiplicity of subordinate detail.

Seriousness, truthfulness, idealism, simplicity, here are four marks or features which will, it may be hoped, characterize the religious art of the twentieth century, and which must characterize it if it is to meet the needs of the ages and to unite the educated man and the expert of every school, together with the unlettered and the simple, in one common suffrage of admiration. And in the new Westminster Basilica this revival of sacred art should find the goal of its efforts. Commencing on a more modest scale, and proving itself worthy of confidence by assured results where failure would be a lesser evil than in the great metropolitan church, let the religious art of Catholic England in the twentieth century find last of all an unrivalled field on the spacious walls, and pillars, and spandrels, and apses, and cupolas of the new Cathedral. For this it may be necessary to wait as much as fifty years; but fifty years is but a short interval in the lifetime of a great national and historic monument, of which it is to be hoped that the architectural glories will be appropriately matched by the surpassing excellence of its internal adornment.

¹ Writing of the Italian artists of the Renaissance (*Fra Angelico* excepted), Mr. Langton Douglas says: "An artist always does best what he wants to do, . . . not what he is forced to do by his paymaster. Now in those days the Church was still the great paymaster, and the Church, of course, wanted religious pictures. Therefore, artists had to paint pictures with religious subjects, or to starve. But many of them did not really want to paint religious subjects, and in that case only two courses were open to them: either they had to strive to render a subject which they did not like, . . . or to paint another subject not religious . . . and give it a religious title. Many of the Florentines, and most of the Venetians, chose this latter alternative. An artist gave the world a more or less agreeable presentation of his wife or his mistress, and called it a 'Madonna.' He painted a picnic party of well-dressed aristocrats or *bourgeois* and called the picture a 'Sacred Conversation,'" and so forth (*Fra Angelico*, pp. 170, 171). Happily there is in our days very little temptation to indulge in this kind of sham religious art.

But the treatment of the subject would be incomplete were we to say nothing at all of symbolism, though what we have to say must be compressed into the shortest possible space. Symbolism must, of course, ever hold its place in Christian art. The Old and the New Testament are alike full of symbolism, and our religious paintings should reflect this characteristic of the Written Word. But the part which symbolism has to play, though important, is yet subsidiary ; and it would be preposterous—in the etymological sense of the term—to allow the symbol to overshadow or to usurp the place of that which it is intended to illustrate. And this is more especially true of our own time and country than of times and places in which the symbolism of Holy Scripture and of tradition had become, so to say, part of the furniture of the front chambers of men's minds, a matter their familiarity with which could be taken for granted. Here and now it is not so ; and while in the decorative surroundings, in subsidiary panels, and in the minor accessories of a picture, symbolism may with great advantage be employed, it would, we think, be out of place in a more prominent position. Hence, it has seemed to us open to question whether the design for the tympanum over the west door of the Westminster Basilica, executed by Herr Seitz, and made known to the public in the Supplement to the *Tablet* of Dec. 29, is well suited for its proposed position. But we cannot pursue the subject further ; and we must content ourselves with saying that here too, if we mistake not, a useful lesson may be learned from Ober-Ammergau, where the sense of the typological relation between the Old and the New Testament is so strong, and where, nevertheless, the typological elements are kept always in perfect subordination to that which they severally typify.

After what has been said it will cause no surprise if we express our conviction that the most suitable home for a school of religious art, such as we hope to see in England in the course of the present century, is a monastery. We have already briefly referred to the art school of the Benedictines of Beuron. Of the work already achieved by this school we may, perhaps, take occasion to say something in a future article.

H. LUCAS.

An Eighteenth-Century Convert.

PART II.

ONE of the last letters written by George Chamberlayne from Douai is dated October 1, 1783, and contains a curious contemporary account of the holy Benedict Labre, who had died at Rome in April of the same year.

I send you [he writes] some extracts from the letters of a priest, governor to a young English gentleman, concerning a holy beggar lately deceased, the substance of which is confirmed, and obtains general credit. Among the reasons which may be assigned for Divine Providence having wrought these wonders are the following: They prove the uninterrupted continuance of miracles in Christ's Church through every age, against the absurd and inconsistent imagination of those who allow of them from the creation till the third or fourth century, as the fancy takes them, and no farther. . . . They have happened in the midst of the holy city to give encouragement to the good Pope, and show that his charitable visit to Vienna, though not immediately successful, will not be without its reward. He went in support of monks and poor nuns, who have been suppressed as useless because they lead a life of contemplation and prayer: and now it is afresh demonstrated that the continual prayer of a just man availeth much, and as the army of Sennacherib was sufficiently routed without human force, so might the Emperor derive more advantage from the devotion of a single nun than from a whole army of soldiers. Not that he is to attack the Turk without an army, for that would be tempting God; neither ought convents to be destroyed without just cause, for that is injuring the friends of God.

The Life of the Venerable Benedict, by the Abbate Marconi, was published in 1784, but the following extracts from the private account sent to Chamberlayne from his friend in Rome may be worth quoting.

We have lost a most extraordinary poor man. His name was Benedict Joseph Labre, of the parish of Erin in Picardy.¹ At the

¹ According to another authority, at Amettes (Pas de Calais).

age of twenty-one he went to the Convent of La Trappe, and petitioned to be admitted to the novitiate. After he had been there seven months, it was found that his strength was not equal to his fervour, and it was intimated to him by the Superior that he must think of returning. Benedict acquiesced, saying only that as it seemed not agreeable to the will of God that he should stay longer in a place so agreeable to himself, he would, with their leave, take away with him everything he had found there, excepting their obedience. In effect, the spirit of prayer, recollection, poverty, and penitence, which he first received there, never afterwards forsook him. Without going back to a comfortable home, and to a father in easy circumstances, he set off immediately for Loreto, poor in everything but virtue. Here he remained not long, but went forward to Rome, where he spent the remainder of his days, little more than twelve years.

At Rome it was his constant practice to go every day to some church where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, as it is throughout the whole year. Very early in the morning he was upon the steps waiting till the doors were opened, then crept silently to some dark, unfrequented corner, where he could have a view of the high altar; going down upon his knees, with downcast eyes, absorbed in contemplation, he there continued for six, eight, and sometimes ten hours together in the same posture, without the least noise or motion. What makes this stillness of undisturbed devotion the more wonderful, he was of a very infirm constitution, constantly wore a hair-shirt, and had girt himself with cordage which had eaten into some parts of his flesh. His whole patrimony was the free, unsolicited charity of the well-disposed; he never asked alms, and never would take anything above a *baiocco*. Having obtained his *baiocco*, he would accept of nothing more that day except a little broth at the door of some religious house. Here he always took the last place, and when the almsgivers called to him to come forward to receive an earlier portion, he would excuse himself by alleging that in case the charity could not be extended to all, it was better he should be deprived of it. . . . It is supposed that his *baiocco*, when Providence sent it, was laid out in bread, and that this, with his broth, and lettuce-leaves or cabbage-stalks gathered from the dunghill, was his whole subsistence.

At last, on the 16th of April, 1783, he suddenly fell down at the church door, Della Madonna de' Monti, a church which more properly than any other place might be called Benedict's home. A butcher who kept a shop opposite, and admired and revered the poor man, immediately ordered him to be brought to his house. Here everything prescribed or advised by religion was done without delay, and to the singular edification of great numbers of spectators. Benedict told his host that he should only trouble him till a little after eight that evening; and at eleven minutes past eight he actually resigned his breath. . . . On Maundy Thursday the body was carried back to the church, where

he first dropped down, and left exposed on the bier for four days in very warm weather without exhibiting the least mark of putrefaction. This incorruption, which of itself will always be deemed miraculous by the vulgar, drew great crowds of people to the church. We went on the fourth day of exposure, but it was not possible to obtain entrance, so great was the throng, the uproar, and the frequent cry of *Miracle, Miracle*. The Blessed Sacrament was carried away, the altars unfurnished, the confessionals broken—in short, not any one religious function could any longer be performed.

On the fifth day the corpse, still uncorrupted, was put into the coffin, and with much difficulty and opposition from the people, was let down into the church vault; which, however, for their satisfaction was left unclosed. For some days after this the throng of people was greater than ever, multitudes thronging from every part of the town and country, bringing relations or friends to obtain cures, which some of them most certainly did. I myself am now hearing every day of two persons cured instantaneously at Benedict's tomb, one of a painful lameness of above nine years' continuance, the other of a total privation of speech for two years and a half. Such evidence is irresistible to everything but the most confirmed incredulity, and we must either admit facts so attested, or believe nothing again on the testimony of man.

This account, which is too long to quote verbatim, goes on to describe how Cardinal de Bernis and other great men went to the church to inform themselves of the merits of their departed countryman. Later, a number of miscreants made their way in among the swarms of worshippers, and committed outrages by which the church was shockingly profaned. On April 26, it was re-consecrated, and such a strong guard of soldiers posted within as would prevent further disorder and tumult, though the crowds were almost as great as ever. Extracts from letters written at the end of May and beginning of June state that

great numbers of cures are credibly reported to be obtained not only at the vault where Benedict's remains were deposited, but also in distant places, by such as have recommended themselves to his intercession. The Cardinal Vicar has appointed twelve persons to receive voluntary contributions in order to bring the cause to judicial investigation, and I should not be at all surprised at their proceeding to a formal canonization as soon as the ceremonial will permit.—(June 11.) Benedict's miracles are still going on under the fiery trial of canonical examination. There are no fewer than eighty-two on the list—and many more might be added to it, but none but the indubitable will ever be approved or admitted by the inquest.

The writer describes the case of a Benedictine nun at Perugia, who had been crippled and bedridden for two years. The Abbess of the convent procured a print of Benedict, and gave it to the nun to kiss, after which she applied it to her head and shoulder, when the penitent suddenly called out, "I am cured—I am perfectly well—reach my habit." Being habited, she went without help to the choir, and there heard Mass, and at last joined in the *Te Deum* with the community. Another miracle was performed on a child of four years old, which had fallen down and bitten its tongue almost in two. The surgeons professed to be unable to cure the wound, save by amputation, but the mother, carrying the child to Benedict's tomb, called on the holy man to assist her. On going home she placed a print of Benedict under the child's cheek, and lulled it to sleep. On awaking, the sufferer called for something to eat, and an examination of the mouth showed that the tongue was perfectly cicatrized, showing no mark of any injury except a purple seam where the wound had been.

Benedict's virtues [to quote from the manuscript] are more surprising to me than his miracles. He presented such an attitude of still and silent recollection at his prayers, as no painter has yet been happy enough to represent. Wherever any particular notice was taken of him he was never seen more. He was hardly ever heard to speak, and if anything required an answer, he gave it by a nod or shaking his head. In this he will probably be distinguished from the saints themselves, that he frequently changed his confessor. He could never meet with one who could please him for one whole year, for if he suspected that he began to be esteemed or indulged, he went elsewhere. . . . Whatever may be thought of what I have been stating, I look upon the man himself as the greatest miracle of all; and whatever may come hereafter, he certainly is already canonized by the voice of the people, which is nearly as much canonization as the greatest saints of antiquity ever had.

In May, 1784, Mr. Chamberlayne returned to his native land, and after a stay of only two days at Lee, proceeded to London. From thence he sends his old friend some books on the Catholic doctrines, and a little exhortation against letting the deceitful world, so short in duration, call him off from attending to the truths that will make him eternally happy. In the course of the year, Chamberlayne accepted the post of chaplain at Costessey Park, in his native county of Norfolk, the seat of Sir William Jerningham. The *Jerningham Letters*, edited by

Mr. Egerton Castle, were published in 1896, and many of these deal with the period which Chamberlayne spent at Costessey. Lady Jerningham, *née* Dillon, was a daughter of Henry, Viscount Dillon, the third Colonel Propriétaire of the famous Irish Regiment de Dillon, which was in the service of the French King. Her brother, Arthur, was the last Colonel of the regiment, and after a brilliant career in the service of his adopted country, died on the scaffold in 1793.

The Jerninghams, like the Dillons, belonged to an ancient Catholic family, which claimed (through Sir William's mother) the barony of Stafford, a title which was restored to them in 1824, on the petition of the seventh baronet, Sir George. The Jerningham family consisted, during the period of Chamberlayne's chaplaincy, of a daughter, Charlotte, afterwards Lady Bedingfield, and three sons, George, William, and Benjamin. Among the regular visitors to the house were Sir William's brothers, Charles, the "Chevalier," who held a military command in France, and Edward, the poet, a minor bard, who is mentioned in the Diaries of Madame D'Arblay and of Henry Crabbe Robinson.

The published *Jerningham Letters* begin with 1784, in the autumn of which year Sir William and his wife had taken their daughter to Paris, to place her in the Convent of the Ursulines. Chamberlayne's first letter to Mr. Barrett from Costessey (Cossey, as he phonetically spells it) is dated December 8, 1784. He expresses his surprise at having heard but once from the Jerninghams since they left England, but supposes that business, amusement, or forgetfulness have kept them silent.

When they went away [he continues] I was very apprehensive of the solitude in which, as I had figured to myself, I was to live. But I have hitherto borne it better than I expected, and learned not to dread it any longer. I am here very much to my mind, having a great predilection for my own country and countrymen. The enjoyments of life I have had in greater abundance than I ought, having been, since they went away, sole master of servants, park, horses, carriages, &c. One inconvenience attends my situation here, but I should find the same in any other; I mean the little time of absence I can be allowed, or allow myself, for distant visits. When Lee shall be in its perfect monastic form it will receive me but as the guest of a few days, not annually returning, as was once the case.

In October, 1784, the Jerninghams had arrived in England, and Lady Jerningham writes to her daughter that they are soon

going down to Costessey, "where poor Mr. Chamberlayne begins to be very anxious for our return." In March, 1785, we hear that the master and mistress of the house had returned home soon after Christmas, since which Costessey had been particularly agreeable to the good chaplain, hours of solitude being pleasantly varied with hours of company. At the same time Chamberlayne found himself greatly tied to what he called his "agreeable prison." He was a conscientious priest, and it was seldom that he would allow himself a few days' leave of absence in order to visit his brother or his old friend at Lee. In answer to a pressing invitation from Mr. Barrett, he writes :

Man ought not to be idle. I have chosen my employment, and it is an employment of the strictest confinement. Sunday does not fail to come with its obligations, and no assistance is to be procured. The physician knows when he has done all that he can do in a lingering disorder, and can leave a prescription for a few ensuing days ; but we are to wait the last agony and moment of the parting breath, than which nothing can be more uncertain. . . . In my absence the family must go to Norwich upon days of obligation, which of itself is no small inconvenience ; besides which there hangs over me the care of the old and sick people, who you know cannot easily in this country procure assistance.

Life flowed on in quiet and peaceful fashion in the little Norfolk village, the main excitement being contributed by the coming and going of the Jerninghams and their numerous relations. Like Mr. Barrett, Sir William was busy in planting and otherwise "improving" the grounds ; but Lady Jerningham, who, from her intimate association with France, had much of a Frenchwoman's vivacity, found Costessey dull, and spent as little time there as possible. There are long gaps in the correspondence between Chamberlayne and Barrett, and after one of these the former writes, on July 14, 1789 :

In this world there are chances and changes. The Duke of N—— has sold Oatlands, and Sir William Jerningham is going abroad and leaving Cossey ; the next thing is for you to grow tired of, and leave, Lee. Sir William has been down with us for three days, and is returned to town, purposing to go to Spa, and pass the winter at Brussels. As Lady Jerningham is not calculated for taking pleasure in the entertainments of the country, and absence from this place will diminish whatever of attachment there may be to it, I am almost led to consider them as departed *sine die*, and to make up my mind for a continued solitude. . . .

My brother [the Vice-Provost of Eton], who recovered his spirits surprisingly after his great loss [the death of his *fiancée*], and who, I supposed, would have gone down the vale of declining life without a partner, and satisfied with the society Eton College afforded, is going to be married as soon as possible. The lady on whom he has fixed his affections bears the name of Tonstall, and is the daughter of a public orator at Cambridge. I am told his friends approve his choice in every respect, character, accomplishments, temper, fortune. I am so cruel as to tell him that as I do not choose a wife for myself, I cannot congratulate him upon the occasion; he knows I wish him happy. . . . I am so much of what is called a bigot, that I shall have little pleasure in nephews and nieces who will not be brought up to the knowledge of the truth.

In a letter dated January 13, 1790, we find the first allusion to the gathering storms on the Continent, and more especially in France.

I take part [writes Chamberlayne] with the King of France (who now is the King of the Franks) against the National Assembly: and I wish the Emperor may never more have it in his power to molest the people, whose rights he invaded without provocation or reason. But stop short, I beg you, and do not call the Turks to Vienna. What a reverse! our good King was shorn of his American provinces, afflicted with a grievous sickness—on a sudden, he finds himself in a state of greatness and popularity, and those who took part with his rebellious subjects rueing their misjudged interference.

By the beginning of 1793 the storms had burst, and the chaplain at Costessey, like many of his contemporaries, feared that the spirit of the Jacobins would occasion disturbances in his native land. But, as he writes under date of January 3, 1793:

There seems to be such a general fondness for our admired institutions, and Government has acted with so much vigour, that a better prospect opens to my view. It would give me concern to have the necessity of changing your title of Esquire into that of Citizen Barrett, unless by such means your claim was made better for a citizenship in Heaven. The horrible revolutionists of France are alike enemies to God and to kings.

Sir William came into England in June, and Lady Jerminham went to Spa. Upon her return to Brussels, and the retreat of the Prussians, representation was made to her that that place was very insecure to winter in, and that she would do well to join her family in England. Her ladyship was obdurate, and, in consequence, saw from her windows the fire betwixt the advancing French and the retreating Austrians. By

the last accounts she finds no resting-place upon the Continent, and is coming home. . . . The poet and the chevalier [Edward and Charles Jerningham] gladdened our old mansion by joining the family party. The latter forgot sometimes the disasters of France, as he did when you entertained him with your accustomed politeness at Lee. All the Jerninghams are in behaviour gentle, and in temper amiable.

A few weeks later we read that

Lady Jerningham had the courage to quarrel with Dumouriez before she left Brussels; she applied to him for a passport, because she could not remain in a place where *the people were so rude*. The matter was made up at an assembly, and he saluted her for her brother's sake [General Dillon]. I imagine her ladyship may endure a residence of some months in this forlorn country seat, but can never like it. A foreign town is her delight; her mind is active, and her body has some of the *vis inertiae* belonging to matter. Conversation charms her, but a fine place is a solitude. . . . We so perfectly agree in politics that I have only to echo back your sentiments. The more we learn of the character of Louis Seize, the more respectable he appears, and the more do we abhor the atrocious barbarity of his murderers: yet I must reprove you for too strong expressions of detestation. Atheists as they are, we Christians should forgive them, as their good King did, and pray for what we cannot hope, their conversion. . . .

Amidst all these convulsions Douai and other English establishments have stood their ground, though I much fear that chief Seminary, once so obnoxious to this now happy island, will be destroyed by the French savages. . . . Do you remember, in your return from Oxburgh [the Bedingfields' place], passing by Bodney, the seat of the Tasburghs? Strange to tell, it has become a regular convent. My father has a son a priest, and a convent in his parish, and does not rise from his grave! The nuns of Montargis, zealous in the cause of religion, have been expelled by the enemies of all good. Amongst them were four English, Mesdames Swinburne, Nevill, Clifford, and Dillon, Lady Jerningham's sister. They made their way into England, and are now about forty in number, *habillées et cloitrées* in one of my brother's late parishes. A large house-bell below the roof calls them to their duties; they have two priests, and pray for the prosperity of England and the conversion of France.

In March, 1794, we find that the religious establishments at Douai had suffered from the fury of the Revolutionists.

The monsters in France, not men (for man is a religious animal), have tormented all our nuns, monks, and students, because they are English and Christians. The latter (the students), reduced from a hundred and fifty to sixty, were allowed to be at their country house till they were seduced back again to Douai with the false hope

of re-admission to the College, were put into prison, and then conveyed in carts to Dourlens, a *maison de force* near Amiens. Here they have remained in want of beds, clothes, fire, and food, but with the courage and patience of those who suffer in a good cause. If I choose any college to compare to that of Douai, it shall be Emmanuel. We have lost it probably for ever, and with it a most valuable library of theological books—works which the late devastations have rendered still more rare. In these circumstances, our Bishops of this district write thus :

"The establishments in France, from their number, their situation, their endowments, and success, have always been acknowledged of the first importance : and in their ruin we see the rising generation deprived, in great measure, of the means of instruction, and the faithful exposed to be left destitute of pastors, and of all the advantages of religious worship. . . . We have therefore purposed to open a seminary for this district at Oscott, near Birmingham. Necessary, however, and urgent as we judge this business, our means are very inadequate, and we find ourselves forced to solicit assistance.

THOMAS TALBOT.
CHARLES BERINGTON."

If, after the many demands that have been made upon you in these disastrous times (the Chevalier Jerningham loses £1,000 per annum), there remains anything in your eleemosynary chest, you may, not for my sake, but for that of your own bounty, come in for a share in such praise as he had, of whom it was said, "He loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue."

There are few allusions to the chaplain at Costessey in the *Jerningham Letters*, beyond an occasional message to the "worthy Mr. Chamberlayne," but in a letter from William, the second son, to his sister, Lady Bedingfield, dated from the camp at Swetzingen (where he was in the service of the Imperial troops), August, 1795, there is an amusing reference to the chaplain's fondness for one of his native dishes, a Norfolk dumpling.

I am sorry to hear there were riots in London on account of the dearness of flour, but I don't believe that any country can be dearer than the Empire at this moment, especially the Palatinate. *Si le père Arnout entendait dire que le roi a défendu tous mets farineux, il dirait. "Ce n'est pas l'affaire du Monsieur de Chamberlayne, qui j'ai vu manger dans mon voyage à Cossey jusqu' à des trois ou quatre gros boulets de pâte pesante et indigeste (que les Anglais nomment Dumplings) à un repas !"*

It is uncertain when Chamberlayne finally quitted his post at Costessey, but in June, 1800, we find him in London, whence he writes to Mr. Barrett complaining of weakness in his eyes, and lays before his friend his objections to a promised visit to Lee in the following month.

After all it is not good for you or for me that I should fulfil my engagement. It is not good for you because our discourse has frequently a tendency to make you dissatisfied with the modern opinions. My presence also interferes with the engagements you cannot possibly refuse; besides which it must injure you in the opinion of your neighbours to be harbouring a proselyte and a priest, especially since Sir H. M——y and Co. (without the smallest degree of intolérance) have taken so much alarm and offence at the old religion and its free exercise. It is not good for me, because I ought in a particular manner to retire from the world and all its allurements, such as your elegant house, abundant table, and earthly paradise, to which add mixed company and conversation; while the indispensable Sunday duty places me on that day in a situation very awkward, inconvenient, and dissatisfying. For these reasons you would do well to excuse my making the intended visit, but if you insist, you must let me be as private as possible, you must make necessary visits of engagement and civility, leaving me at home under pretence of complaints in the eyes, and allow your usual indulgence, not to my persuasion, but to my faith.

Chamberlayne established himself in lodgings in Queen Street, whence the remainder of his letters to Mr. Barrett are written. In 1801, he was given some employment, the nature of which is not stated by the Bishop. Again he excuses himself from paying his annual visit to Lee.

To confess the truth [he writes, in an unusually melancholy strain], I have not been one of those perfect converts who have forsaken all they valued, and by continual labours and sufferings show their gratitude for the graces they had received. I have done as little as possible to atone for past guilt, and have divided my heart between the enjoyments of this world and the hopes of a better. The consequence of such conduct is that I am not blessed with the peace of mind which is the portion of those who deny themselves and take up their cross and follow their Divine Master. There is no peace for the wicked, saith the Lord. Conscious of my demerits, I am uneasy under the apprehension of evils threatening me in this life and in the next.

This despondent mood was probably only temporary, for a letter dated October 21, 1801, is couched in a much more

cheerful vein, owing perhaps to the brighter prospects that seemed to be opening before the nation and the Church.

I congratulate you, my dear friend, on the prospect we have of returning peace, on the wonderful change that has taken place in a few months. At the beginning of the year, Paul alive, war with almost all the world, the King dangerously ill, no Ministry, and no bread. The picture is now reversed, and brightness seems to dispel the gloom. The restoration of the Catholic religion in France is a most unexpected event, at least in the manner of its being brought about. There is as yet no security that the civil power will not take too much upon it, but as Citoyen Portalis, who is named Minister of all religious concerns, is a man of extraordinary good character, and narrowly escaped being transported to Cayenne on that account, the greatest hopes are entertained that all will go well. The Bishops, who resign at the Pope's request, do very right; and those who refuse have still good reason for their non-compliance. The departure of the French priests [from England] will strip our London chapels of their choirs, and deprive many country places of their pastors; the loss is irreparable. I shall regret the separation from some with whom I was in society, and shall be called upon to do some service, unless my infirmity is my excuse.

The last letter that has been preserved is dated May 7, 1802, and contains an account of a pleasant visit to the writer's two sisters at Windsor, as well as anticipations of a journey to Lee in the summer, the moral and social objections to which having apparently been surmounted. In this and other letters belonging to the same year, there are allusions to a mysterious pension, which appears to have lapsed some years before, but was now about to be restored through the intervention of Lord Walsingham and other friends with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington. What the pension was granted for it is difficult to conceive, unless it is in connection with some service rendered by Chamberlayne's uncle or brother to the State. Of the fashion in which our hero passed his old age we know nothing beyond the fact that he spent his last years in London, in the house of Bishop Douglass. Here he died in 1815, aged seventy-seven. It does not appear that George Chamberlayne was distinguished by any remarkable intellectual ability, but he reveals himself in his correspondence as a man of simple, guileless nature, a loyal friend, a zealous priest, and a devoted adherent of a faith which he had adopted at the cost of so great a material sacrifice, and in the face of so determined an opposition from kindred and friends.

E. M. S.

Mary Queen of Scots and the Grand Papal League.

IN a previous article on the alleged grant of the English throne to Mary Queen of Scots by Pope Paul IV., an example has been seen of the way in which a story may win currency, when it accords well with popular prepossessions, although it may be devoid of real foundation in fact. A kindred fiction, which has also been confidently received by too many of our historians, now claims our attention. It has been asserted that during Queen Mary's reign the Catholic Powers, with the Pope at their head, frequently combined to overthrow, *per fas et nefas*, and to exterminate the Protestants of Europe. In particular it has been asserted that the long and ever memorable sufferings of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland are due to her having joined such a confederation. Patrick Fraser Tytler, who usually wrote on subjects of this kind with a moderation far in advance of his age, has described Mary's supposed entrance into the Grand Papal League as follows :

This may, I think, be regarded as one of the most fatal errors of her life ; and it proved the source of all her future misfortunes. She united herself to a bigoted and unprincipled association, which, under the mask of defending the truth, offered an outrage to the plainest precepts of the Gospel. She imagined herself a supporter of the Catholic Church, when she was giving her sanction to one of the worst corruptions of Romanism ; and she was destined to reap the consequences of such a step in all their protracted bitterness.¹

But before we proceed to examine this alleged fact closely, it will be well to pause for a moment over preliminaries, and see what Papal Leagues really were, and what the suspicious frame of mind, then so common, which allowed extravagant rumours about these leagues to find such wide and easy credence.

As readers of Dr. Pastor's *History of the Popes* are well aware, Papal Leagues were frequent before the Reformation.

¹ P. F. Tytler, *History of Scotland*, vol. vii. chap. i. Edit. 1842, p. 16.

Pope Julius II. was especially diligent in maintaining such alliances, as they were the only means by which a weak Power like his could hope to regain the independence of the Papal States. The leagues of those days, however, were unfortunately not as uniformly blameless as they should have been, and their misuse was extremely distasteful to those who were jealous of all ecclesiastical pretensions in things temporal, a class of men which was exceedingly numerous and very outspoken at the close of the pre-Reformation period. It was, therefore, an obvious expedient for all enemies of the Papacy, at first Catholics and afterwards also heretics, to excite odium against every combination of their foes by decrying it as a Papal League. It will appear incidentally as we go on, that the practice was especially frequent among the early Reformers in Germany, and the Emperor Maximilian strongly deprecated it, calling the notion "an exploded poisonous fiction,"¹ such harm had it done to the peace and prosperity of the country.

It must not, however, be imagined that the conjuring up of phantom conspiracies was a peculiarity of the Protestants of those days. The Catholics of the time were often guilty of like exaggerations. Indeed, in spite of many advantages, we men of the twentieth century, both Catholic and Protestant, are still victims to similar credulities. Hardly a week passes in which our Protestant fellow-countrymen or our Liberals, Catholics and non-Catholics, do not raise a cry of alarm at those venerable ghosts Vaticanism, Jesuitism, and Papal aggression. At the same time our co-religionists abroad seem to us quite extravagant in their apprehensions of Semitism and secret societies.

The suspiciousness, then, with which we shall have to reckon, is not that of the ordinary kind, present in one man absent in another, and differing in individuals with the temperament of each. It is that sort of suspiciousness which affects crowds, which partakes of the nature of panics, and is unreasonable and infectious. Panics, as a rule, subside as swiftly as they rise. The alarms of sixteenth century Catholics, for instance, to which we shall allude later, have long since been forgotten. If the fears of the Protestants of that age have made a more enduring impression, it is because these alarms, being associated with the

¹ "Das ausgesprengten giftigen figment einer päpstlichen bündnuss." (Hopfen, *Maximilian II. und der Kompromiss-Katholicismus*, p. 252, 1895.)

original formation of their traditions, sank more deeply into their minds.

The suspiciousness, moreover, which reigned during the Reformation period, was far stronger than anything of which we have ordinary experience now-a-days. The innumerable defections from plighted faith had produced among the Catholics a wide-spread sense of distrust. Protestants regarded the religion of their forefathers with wild fear and hatred, and never felt sure that the Catholics were not scheming to recover the vast Church lands and political power of which they had been violently deprived. There had been revolutions too, and supreme power had fallen into the hands first of one party, then of the other, and it is hardly necessary to add that both sides in those rough days abused their victory, and further exasperated thereby the mutual animosities. An example will show to what lengths these suspicions were carried.

The following incident in this reign of terror is described by Thomas Randolph, the English Agent or Ambassador, who was himself a notorious finder of mare's-nests, though on this occasion he is forced to give way to cumbrous merriment at the exaggerated suspicions of his partisans. The occasion was a banquet given by Queen Mary to her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, at his return to her Court in February, 1564.

The banquet ensueth hereupon. What devilish devises are imagined upon that, it passeth almost the wit of man to think. The banquets made by her mother [Mary of Guise], a little before she went about to suppress God's word, are called to mind, viz., the Shrovetide before the troubles [1559]. A bruit that many ships were coming here from France, had almost spilt the whole pottage, confirming no good to poor Protestants, nor amity with us [English]. "To what end are all our banquets? . . . While we pipe and dance our enemies shall land and cut our throats." I let this rumour run so far, that no suspicion could be gathered of my moving it; letters from Flanders to herself imported it. Would your honour believe, there were any [*i.e.*, some] at this Shrovetide feast, that thought they should have kept their Lent in Edinburgh Castle? What they suspected to find among so many sweet banqueting dishes, I say not: what they remembered of the like, it skills [*i.e.*, matters] not, for on my conscience no such thing was thought of. So suspicious are we [Protestants] that we credit no man alive.¹

¹ Randolph to Cecil, 21 February, 1563-4. Bain, *Scottish Calendar*, ii. p. 46.

Though the greater part of this paper must inevitably be devoted to showing that even the best founded of these alarms was without foundation, and to rejecting the stories of alleged Papal Leagues for the extirpation of Protestants as never having existed at all, yet it must not be supposed that there is anything necessarily or *per se* nefarious in a Papal League made for a good object. It will be necessary to cite writers, who habitually talk of the Grand Papal League as though that term were one of reproach, suggestive of treachery, cruelty, and aggression. But though it is not possible to avoid all use of the word in this sense, this is not to be considered as an admission of the propriety of such language. If we wish to be historical and accurate we should rather consider the term as a synonym for a confederation for the defence of Christendom against all its enemies. The only general Papal League, belonging to the period of which we are speaking, was the one which ushered in the campaign that ended in the glorious Battle of Lepanto, an episode which, considered as a whole, is perhaps more creditable to all concerned in it than any other of that century.

It was inevitable that Catholics should desire to unite in some such league as this, and that their statesmen should talk about it and endeavour to see whether an arrangement for this purpose could be arrived at. But the practical men knew the difficulties involved, they knew that a half-hearted league was a greater source of danger than no league at all, and they avoided the subject altogether. The obstacle in the way was the secular rivalry between the Catholic Powers, France, Spain, Venice, the Empire. Though open war between them ceased after the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis in 1559, the mutual jealousies were still so strong that true union remained an impossibility. It was just possible to get the churchmen of the period to unite sufficiently to complete the Council of Trent. But this was rightly regarded as next door to a miracle, for the difficulties experienced were simply enormous. To have done more, to have induced the statesmen to forego their particular advantages for those which were purely religious, this was always beyond the realm of possibilities.

In this connection a serviceable *argumentum ad hominem* need not be lost sight of. There are those who affect to condemn Papal Leagues as monstrous, while they regret that no Protestant potentate, such as Queen Elizabeth, put herself

or himself at the head of a Protestant League to wrest freedom of conscience (as they term it) from the Catholic Powers. Writers who hold these opinions cannot with any consistency object to our declaring our regret that the Catholic Powers could not unite to defend the old common cause with victorious success.

This, however, is rather controversy than history. Our business is with the latter, to see whether the evidence that can be brought to demonstrate the alleged existence of Papal Leagues is sufficient to allow of our accepting the received histories of them. We are prepared to believe everything in this matter that is well attested and nothing that is not so.

The first of these rumoured leagues which belong to our period was that which was reported to have been agreed to at the time of the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis (1559). It has been pithily described by Mr. Motley, a diligent and eloquent recorder of such fables, in the following terms:

Henry II. [of France] had concluded with his royal brother [Philip II.] of Spain to arrange for the Huguenot chiefs through-out both realms a "Sicilian Vespers" upon the first favourable occasion.¹

The negotiations² between Philip and Henry are perfectly well known to us, and contain no such matter as is here imagined, for which Mr. Motley relies upon a party pamphlet issued more than twenty years later. But foolish as it must be reckoned to have credited so preposterous a story on such trivial evidence, we may surely think that Mr. Motley would not have let himself be so egregiously duped, if he had had the advantage of being able to study the inner history of the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis with the facilities which we now enjoy. Even Mr. Froude has tacitly abandoned this fiction,³ and

¹ J. L. Motley, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. i. p. 180, Edit. 1875. His authority is the *Apologie de Mons. d'Orange* (Leiden, 1581), p. 53.

² The more important printed collections of documents are Weiss, *Papiers d'Etat de Cardinal Granvelle*; L. Paris, *Négociations sous François II.*, and our *Calendars of State Papers, Foreign*. Documents still remaining in manuscript are numerous in the archives of all the contracting Powers. Those of Canobio, the Papal Agent, with King Philip, are especially worthy of study, if only to see how little the Pope had to do with it. (Vatican Archives, *Lettere de Principi*, xi. 291, &c. See also Ribier, pp. 750, seq.)

³ Mr. Froude writes: "The conviction came slowly over both [Kings], that the long, weary, profitless war might at last come to an end. . . . The Catholic princes felt the want of a General Council, that the questions of the day might be taken hold of firmly, and the Inquisition set to work on some resolute principle

if he does not think the story worth discussing, there is no reason why we should linger over it. Our proper subject is the history of the league-rumour in Scotland, which takes this form in the pages of Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler :

The [Guises] claimed that [the Queen Regent] should join that league for the destruction of the Protestants, and the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic faith in Europe, to which they had become parties with the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Emperor. As one part of their unprincipled design, it was necessary to put down the Reformation in Scotland, and to secure the French ascendancy in that country. . . . These plans were communicated to the Queen Regent by Monsieur de Bettancourt, . . . and she, after a feeble and unsuccessful remonstrance, . . . resigned herself entirely to the direction of the Guises.

The fatal change in the policy of the Queen Regent was followed by an immediate collision between the Protestant and Romish parties. At the convention of the clergy which assembled at Edinburgh, March, 1559, &c.¹

When a writer like Mr. Tytler makes so strange a statement, we may surmise that he would not do so without the support of some not inconsiderable authority. And this he seems to have done, at least at first sight, for the material part of his story is drawn from the Memoirs of the courtly Sir James Melvil, who took part in the very negotiations about which he writes. In Mr. Tytler's time, before our rich archives of contemporary documents were easily accessible to scholars, a far greater value was set upon such memoirs than is done to-day. But at no time have statements drawn from such sources been allowed to outweigh evidence that is really first-hand and contemporary. Old men's tales are proverbially unreliable, and Melvil's authority—even if we could not control it, as we now can, by better testimony—is liable to grave exceptions, which shall be noticed as soon as we have re-told the story from the original sources.²

From these it appears that Béthincourt made two journeys to Scotland, both of them too late to affect, as Tytler says they

of concert." (*History of England*, vol. vi. p. 89, Edit. 1893.) This would be excellent history but for the emphasis laid on the desire for the Inquisition. In reality the matter was only casually alluded to during the negotiations. While utterly rejecting the gross charges brought against the Catholic Kings, I am, of course, not approving their recourse to force in their combat with Protestantism.

¹ P. F. Tytler, *History of Scotland*, vol. vi. p. 110, Edit. 1837.

² See especially Béthincourt's instructions (Paris, *Négotiations*, p. 11), and *Foreign Calendar*, 1558-9, Nos. 512, 527, 833(9), 1094, 1134, 1149.

did, the proceedings at the Scottish Council of March, 1559. His first mission was to proclaim in Scotland the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis, on which occasion he arrived in Scotland on April 14th, 1559, and after eight weeks' negotiation succeeded in settling the differences between England and Scotland, so that peace between those countries was signed at Upsatlington on May 31st. But at that very moment the Lords of the Congregation rose in insurrection against the Queen Regent, and Béthincourt was sent back again to France, no longer as a messenger of peace, but with earnest prayers for reinforcements.

He reached Paris on June 11th, and with him came news of the sack of churches, the burning of monasteries, and all the excesses of the first outbreak of the Scottish Reformation. But France was too much weakened by recent war to take vigorous measures of repression. In July, Béthincourt was again sent to Scotland to urge a pacific course. Drafts of the letters he carried with him are still extant, and so are the reports about them sent by the English Ambassador at Paris. These testimonies, each invaluable in its own way, confirm one another, and show us that Béthincourt's second mission, like the first, was intended to be above all things a mission of peace and conciliation. "He has in charge to will the Queen Dowager to conform herself to the Scots proceedings in religion," are Throckmorton's words. The scantiness of the help he was empowered to promise strongly confirms the other evidence for the pacific character of his mission. He carried a bill of credit for 20,000 livres (less than £2,000), and a promise that in a month or two help should be sent if that were found absolutely necessary. Such were Béthincourt's two missions in the light of authentic documents. There is no need to pause and work out the contrast between this view of them and that put forward in Melvil's *Memoirs*, or to calculate the respective values of the two authorities, even if we take Melvil's authority at the highest which can be given to a work of its nature.

But then there are two serious qualifications to Melvil's story which must not be forgotten. In the first place, we know that his memory was not uniformly faithful, so that his unsupported statements ought to be received with some hesitation. In the second place, we also know that the part he took in these negotiations was not an honourable one, not one, in fact, about which he would care to tell the full truth. He was sent by those who represented Mary's Government

during her stay in France, in order to support her party in Scotland, and restore peace between Catholics and Protestants. But he went intending to "help forward by all his power" the party of her enemies, the destruction of the Catholics, the triumph of English influence. These were the objects which Elizabeth's Ministry were labouring for, and an English envoy in France wrote begging Cecil to assist James Melvil, who is "desirous to help forward by all his power that work which Cecil so earnestly seeks to establish and confirm to God's glory."¹

Melvil remains silent in his Memoirs about his own base conduct, while bringing disingenuous accusations against others which will not bear the test of examination. This completes the discrediting of his story, and of the oft-told history of the first Grand Papal League in Scotland for which Melvil is the chief witness.

The next set of Papal League rumours are those occasioned by the great reunion of Catholics at the Council of Trent in the years 1562, 1563. It has been already stated that the unity shown by Catholics on that occasion may from the point of view of a carping critic be regarded as contemptible, so many were the squabbles, troubles, and difficulties which impeded its progress, while a more appreciative judgment will regard the unanimity of the Fathers as almost miraculous, so great were the difficulties over which it triumphed. Under these circumstances it was inevitable that the idea of uniting the Catholics in a temporal as well as a spiritual alliance should have occurred both to friend and foe, and many must have been the debates on the possibility and impossibility of such a measure. A few characteristic instances of such proposals and discussions may now be given from original sources.

Here is an example of the cool way in which the Nestor of Catholic Sovereigns of that day, the Emperor Ferdinand I., received a proposal for a Papal League, the purpose of which was not the outrageous objects suggested by Mr. Motley and Mr. Tytler, but the much needed defence of Europe against the Turks. The idea of it had been thrown out by the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Commendone, while arranging with Ferdinand the preliminaries of the Council.

But His Imperial Majesty [wrote the Nuncio], after a few general remarks, began to turn the conversation to the Council, and did not

¹ Killegrew to Cecil, May 19, 1559, *Foreign Calendar*, 1558-9, No. 707.

show any desire that the Pope should negotiate any such league, or make any offer of joining it. So far as I can discover, His Majesty's great concern is not to arouse by a negotiation like this the apprehensions of the Princes of Germany, who are suspicious of war being prepared against themselves.¹

Even if this incident stood alone, we might conclude that any rumour of a Papal League, which included Ferdinand as co-operator, should, for that reason, be received with the greatest caution. In fact, however, Ferdinand's action in this case was not only characteristic of his whole policy, but it was the more remarkable as the Protestant Princes were at that very time assembled at Naumberg, and were discussing whether they should not unite and form a great Protestant League. Ferdinand had given orders to his envoys to discourage leagues of every sort, whether on behalf of orthodoxy or heterodoxy.²

The assembly at Naumberg excited serious alarms amongst Catholics lest their enemies should combine, alarms which were partly justified by the aid which Queen Elizabeth's Government gave to the rebels of Flanders, France, and Scotland. The form which these Catholic suspicions took may be exemplified by the following extract from the Journal of "Events at the Council of Trent," by the Bishop of Salamanca, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza.

A conspiracy has been discovered, which the heretics have made, to massacre the Catholic Princes. Some were to assassinate the Duke of Guise, some the Duke of Savoy, some the King of Spain, and the rest of the lords and princes. The assassins of the Duke of Savoy are said to be taken prisoners, though they succeeded in their treason against the Duke of Guise. May God in his mercy save our King! The Cardinal of Lorraine lives very guardedly, and in great fear, for he has been told that he is amongst those named to be murdered. As the Queen of Scotland is a Catholic, they determined not to kill, but to dishonour her, in order to prevent her from marrying.³

The worthy Bishop then tells the story of Chatellar, and concludes :

¹ Commendone to St. Charles Borromeo, Vienna, 13th January, 1561. *Miscellanea di Storia Italiana*, vol. vi. p. 39.

² Ed. Reimann, *Die Sendung des Nunzius Commendone*, in the *Forschungen zur Deutschen Geschichte*, &c., vol. vii. p. 262. Göttingen, 1867.

³ The Spanish text has been printed by Döllinger, *Concil von Trident*, vol. ii. p. 115. News of similar tenour will be found in a letter dated April 27th, 1563, and written from Trent. (Baluze-Mansi, *Miscellanea*, vol. iv. p. 306.)

It clearly appears how alien to the laws of Christ is the doctrine they profess, since they think good in its defence to commit such great crimes as the murder and defamation of Kings and Princes.

That there was no sort of concerted action in the outrages, some real, some imaginary, referred to by Bishop Mendoza may be taken for certain. What is important is to notice how the suspiciousness, which was characteristic of the times, is found in Catholics as well as in Protestants, and to congratulate ourselves on having allowed stories such as this to fall into oblivion.

We now come to a diplomatic overture made by the Queen Regent of France, Catherine de Medicis, to the Pope, *in re* the proposed Papal League. That temporizing and unscrupulous woman, after having given up to the Protestants, at the Peace of Amboise, many of the advantages which had just been gained through the Catholic victories, thought it would be a good move to propitiate the offended French Catholics by a great show of amity towards the chief Catholic Powers. It was a piece of her well-known "see-saw policy" which ended so disastrously for France. She sent special envoys to Spain and Austria, and directed Yves d'Alègre to the Pope, with instructions to make some show of her intention to join in a Catholic League. As she did this by word of mouth only, there is a good deal of doubt as to what her precise orders were, and it should have been clear to d'Alègre that he was sure to be disavowed by the Queen if any untoward result should follow from his carrying out her directions. However, d'Alègre did speak of them, a good deal of talk followed; the Emperor and the moderate party, as well as the Protestants, were put out. Catherine straightway threw the whole blame for the incident upon d'Alègre, and declared that she had never intended him to take any action at all in the matter.¹

The Emperor Ferdinand was very vexed at the rumours which had been raised. The French Ambassador at his Court persuaded him without much difficulty that Catherine had never intended to form any such league, but even so the old man was not quieted. The ambassador, writing back to Catherine, explains Ferdinand's objection.

It was once suspected that he disapproved of leagues for the sake of religion, but this is not so. The reason is that the very rumours of such

¹ H. de la Ferrière, *Lettres de C. de Medicis*, vol. ii. p. 419.

leagues throw Germany at once into utter confusion, and embroil the peace and prosperity of the Empire.¹

This is clear testimony to the frequency of these rumours, and to the mischief which resulted from them.

Catherine's negotiation still remains, in some respects, obscure, and more evidence concerning it is much to be desired. One thing, however, comes out clearly, and that, the only thing about which we are seriously concerned. The Catholic Powers were radically divided on the subject of Papal Leagues, and, on the whole, decidedly opposed to them, so much so, indeed, that it is inconceivable that they should ever have heartily united to form one. And so once more, when we seemed on the point of obtaining some definite information as to the origin and existence of Papal Leagues, we find that the totality of the evidence makes against them, and tends to show that they never had any real existence in the concrete. The stories current concerning them were based on nothing better than rumour. A recent writer on the subject has indeed given us a new account of them, but when carefully examined this version does not appear to be more tenable than the stories told by his predecessors.

Dr. Martin Philippon's *Règne de Marie Stuart* is a book which has many merits, but in his treatment of the Grand Papal League he is not seen at his best. He tries to take up a middle position in its regard. He admits that none was ever formally signed,² but contends that the Pope and his partisans, amongst whom he places Mary Queen of Scots, were for ever endeavouring to establish one, and that at one time (two or three years later than the period of which we are now speaking) an equivalent to a league was agreed to by a mutual interchange of letters between the quasi-contracting parties.

In theory we can quite conceive that such a thing might have happened, and would readily accept the alleged story as true, if evidence to substantiate it were forthcoming. But here the Doctor quite fails to prove his point. It will be worth our while to see what his version of the league-story is, so far as we have yet recounted it; and then to examine part of his theory in detail.

Dr. Philippon is, of course, too well acquainted with modern publications to countenance the bald story, as told by Mr. Motley,

¹ Le Laboureur, *Mémoires de Castlenau*, vol. i. p. 792.

² Vol. iii. p. 86.

of the outrageous objects intended by the league of 1559. On the other hand, he has not been able to shake himself free from Melvil's account of Béthincourt, and the league-rumours which were set abroad in 1562. In characteristic style he enlarges on the hopes, which Mary Queen of Scots built upon the league, before giving us any proof that she ever heard of one at all. "It became," he tells us, "the polar star, by which she shaped the course of her bark."¹ And again, though he cannot say what the terms of the league were, he knows what great things Mary expected from it. "According to the ideas of the young Queen, . . . the united banners of the Stuarts and of Rome would float in London as in Edinburgh."² It is true that Mary made one historical mistake in matters heraldic, but not a blunder like this of Dr. Philippson's, which, by the way, cannot be ascribed to a slip of the pen, for the Professor repeats it, assuring us with the confidence of a clairvoyant, that the Pope's "vivid imagination" showed him "the banner of Catholicism floating," after the expected victories of the league, not in London and Edinburgh only, but in "all lands where Lutheranism and Calvinism had formerly seemed victorious."³

In this way does Dr. Philippson impair his claim to serious consideration even before we come to the discussion of his proofs. These may be suitably studied in a passage, in which he takes up the story of the league at the point at which we left off, viz., the *démenti* which Queen Catherine gave to the negotiations which had been commenced in her name. On that point Philippson's story⁴ hardly varies from ours, but as to what follows we differ *in toto*. He asserts⁵ that news of the incipient league had been sent to Mary, before Catherine's *démenti* put an end to actual negotiation: that this news "was welcomed with joy" by Mary;⁶ and that she sent a special messenger to Rome to carry on the negotiation. These points he calls *faits certains et indiscutables*.⁷ We call them mere figments of the imagination. Let us come to the proofs, which, to do the Doctor justice, he always gives when he can with commendable fulness and accuracy.

¹ Vol. ii. p. 38.

² "Les bannières unies des Stuarts et de Rome flotteraient à Londres comme à Edimbourg," (vol. iii. p. 43.)

³ Vol. ii. p. 253.

⁴ Vol. ii. pp. 249—258.

⁵ Vol. ii. p. 259.

⁶ Vol. iii. p. 43.

⁷ Vol. ii. p. 260.

First, then, we inquire of Dr. Philippson what his proof is that the league negotiations were ever brought to Mary's knowledge at all, why this fact is to be called *certain et indiscutable*. The Professor's only answer is: "*We may be sure* that her uncles [the Cardinal of Lorraine] told her." The proof, then, is after all no proof at all, only a mere assumption, and a debateable one too, if the matter were worth discussing.

Then he has told us that Mary "welcomed with joy" the news of the league. But here the Professor leaves us without any proof at all, and his silence, under the circumstances, is more eloquent than words could be.

Thirdly, he enlarges on Mary's answer sent to Rome. He does not indeed pretend to have seen that answer, nor any quotation, reference, or passing allusion to it. Yet it is a *fait certain et indiscutable*. Why? Because, forsooth, we know that Mary did write to a Cardinal, not indeed to a Cardinal in Rome, but to one in Flanders, a trifling difference, which the gentle reader is supposed to overlook. This he might possibly do, if Mary had requested the Cardinal in Flanders to send on a message about the league to the Eternal City. But then the letter to Cardinal Granvelle¹ says nothing about Rome, nothing about the league, and even an "ordinary reader" will be prone to think that such an omission entirely alters the case.

Dr. Philippson, however, is so sure of his "facts" that he gives us the very name of the letter-carrier, and quotes within inverted commas Mary's commendation of that carrier's trustworthiness. It is indeed true that in June, 1564, a wandering Scot, by name Stephen Wilson, turned up in Rome; but how that proves "indisputably" that he was the anonymous letter-carrier whom Mary had commended in the previous March, it is hard to see. It is not disputed that the Pope gave him letters to take back to Mary. But then those letters make not the remotest allusion to the league, nor to any missives received from Mary. So far from there being any proof that Wilson carried messages or letters on that subject or on any other, the presumptions lie all the other way.

Though our Professor has taken no count at all of the weak points in his story hitherto pointed out, he acknowledges that his "facts" are open to one objection. The end of the league negotiation was in October, 1563, and Mary's alleged message to the Pope was in March, 1564, a difference of five months.

¹ Labanoff, vol. i. pp. 209, 211; Weiss, vol. ii. pp. 396, 397.

Now, while it is quite true that Mary was far removed from the centre of the negotiations, when we reckon by time, yet even so to assume that she took her first step in joining the league, some half-year after it was all over—that is at least an objection which calls for an answer. Philippson answers by begging the question. "What does it matter?" he asks, with delicious adroitness, "*ce qui nous importe, ce n'est pas l'erreur dans laquelle était Marie sur le succès encore possible d'une telle mission ; c'est son desir de s'associer à une politique active de propagande catholique et de lutte contre le protestantisme.*"¹

That is really neat. The historical facts turn out to be mere assumptions, the documents non-existent, the persons creatures of the imagination, and there is a grave difficulty in the chronology. 'Very well,' is the reply, 'I waive the last point.' "*Ce qui me importe,*" is Mary's *desire* to have done what I alleged that she did? Self-assurance such as this must indeed command our admiration, and we feel we could almost applaud when the doctor covers his retreat with these final sublime assertions: "*Il ne s'agit plus ici de vagues accusations de ses adversaires, nous sommes en présence de faits certains et indiscutables.*"² Never surely did bare assertion assume with greater calmness the guise of grave statement of fact.

Here we may pause. By this time the philosophic reader will have had enough of refutations and disproofs, and will perhaps be saying to himself in Randolph's phrase: "Further to discuss these details it skills not, for on my conscience there was no such league ever intended at all."

A further article, however, will be requisite to discuss Mr. Tytler's remarkable and important statement, which is to be read at the head of this article, concerning Queen Mary and the alleged Papal League of 1566.

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ Vol. ii. p. 259.

² Vol. ii. p. 260.

Grades of Beauty.

GOD has ordered all things in number, weight, and measure.¹ Hence every imaginable object bears upon it, at least, some faint mark or impress of the Infinitely Beautiful. Whether we contemplate the tiny microscopic infusoria, ten thousand of which might march abreast through the eye of a needle, or whether we contemplate the vastest suns dashing with lightning-like speed through the limitless realms of space, we shall be everywhere impressed by the presence of order, grace, and beauty.

Now, God has provided us with five great organs of sense, by aid of which we may place ourselves in continuous communication with the world outside us. Yet, whatever sense we appeal to, whatever sense we employ, it will always tell us of beauty. The eye will discourse to us of the elegance of form and of the splendour of colour: the ear will grow eloquent on the harmonies and soft modulations of sound and music; and so, in turn will each of the other senses communicate to the mind in its own peculiar language, the impression of that beauty that adorns every object open to human observation.

Perhaps the highest possible expression of external beauty in the purely material order is the corporal beauty of man. The human form, when at its very best, in the full bloom of its perfection, and in the high tide of youth and vigour, strength and health, is generally regarded as the most fascinating and bewitching thing upon earth. There is certainly scarcely anything so highly prized, or so universally admired and sought after. Nevertheless, it must be observed, that here we are considering a type of beauty of the very lowest possible order, *i.e.*, mere material and physical beauty. A beauty wrought in rude clay; worked up from the constituents of common earth. A beauty formed and compounded from perishable and corruptible flesh, blood, muscle, and bone.

Thus, though, on the one hand, the beauty of the "human form divine," is the highest and the most exquisite *of its kind*;

¹ Wisdom xi. 21.

yet, on the other hand, the kind is the lowest and the least worthy of all—for what is it, in its ultimate analysis, but a mere arrangement of matter.

We soar to a higher region, and reach a nobler type, when we enter into the more ethereal world of vital forces, of which, after all, the visible and tangible are but the external tokens and outward expressions.

Study any object that possesses life, even though it be merely vegetable life—say a tree—the oak, for instance, or the silvery beech. Now, though the majority of persons do not advert to it, there are, in objects such as these, two absolutely distinct and totally unlike things to be considered. There is, in the first place, the external appearance, the outward and visible form; the trunk, the outstretching branches, the fruit and the foliage, and so forth. These are so arranged as to present to the eye a delightful and most pleasing combination of varied form and colour.

But in addition to all these, there is also, in the second place, a whole universe of being of which the eye can take no cognizance whatever. There are the various vital forces, the wonderful yet hidden principles of life, that have in reality built up the tree, and produced and shaped its multitudinous parts, and which must continue to influence its growth, development, and general well being, so long as the tree remains alive. These forces and principles of activity are unperceived by the senses and unperceivable. They elude every attempt made to discover them. But though they are impervious to the senses, yet they are intensely real, and possess a true and objective existence.

The plain truth is, they are far more real than the tree itself, which we see, on the principle that a cause is more real than its effect. They have a truer existence than the trunk and branches which we may touch and feel, and press with our hands, and see with our eyes. Evidently! Since each branch, each twig, each quivering leaf, and, for the matter of that, each vein and duct in every leaf, owes its very form, and position, and function to these forces, and is still dependent upon them.

The wood of the tree, and every one of the myriad cells and fibres of which it is composed, as well as the roots and branches, have been literally constructed, shaped, and fitted together by these forces. So much so that it is entirely owing to them, that the particular tree we are now contemplating, is an oak; and not a cedar, nor an elm, nor a willow! The thing which we

contemplate, the object which we feast our eyes upon, is merely an effect, an external manifestation of what lies wholly beyond all ocular vision. The material object which stands forth in its finished beauty and proportion before us, and which excites our admiration, is the work done, the effect produced; but the artist, the agent, the efficient cause keeps wholly out of sight.

What *are* these mysterious influences which rule and govern the whole vegetative creation? How do the forces which produce the ash, let us say, differ from those which produce the elm, or the sycamore? That they *are* different is clearly proved by the many and noteworthy differences in their respective operations and products; but who will describe them? No one. Yet, how surpassingly beautiful and how strikingly varied must be these secret agencies which, from almost identical materials, can evolve the rose and the lily, the sun-flower and the forget-me-not, the pea or the pear, the peach or the plum!

Here indeed, we are brought face to face with a boundless world of wondrous forces and powers. A whole universe seems to disclose itself before our mind, peopled by existences quite other than those to which we have grown accustomed. We discover their existence from their effects. The impress of a human foot on the plastic clay is not a more certain proof of the presence of man, than is the garden and the forest of the presence of these innumerable active, energetic, yet invisible agencies.

Furthermore, however pleasing may be their handiwork, they themselves must be far more pleasing still, since they stand on a higher plane, and possess a nobler existence. The worker is surely above his work; and the artist, even when an unconscious and an unreasoning one, is of a nobler cast than the work of art produced. The sculptor is greater than the statue he carves, and the painter than his picture. Hence philosophers and theologians have concluded, and with evident justice, that there are grades and degrees of beauty existent (though now invisible) even in the vegetable world, far exceeding our present experience. In the tangled jungle, in the umbrageous wood, in the great gloomy forest, in garden, and grassy mead, in the weedy caves of deepest ocean, on the fern-covered bank, and on the moss-grown stone; wherever a leaf spreads its glossy surface towards the sun, wherever a rootlet or sucker stretches itself in search of moisture, and

wherever a germ unfolds, or a flower expands, there are hidden and invisible, but true forces, each with its own special and personal beauty, grace, and comeliness, waiting to be revealed to us, when we have shaken off the encumbrance of flesh, and are admitted into the secrets of God's works, and are allowed to penetrate deeper into the mysteries of the vast creation.

What we have said, so truly, of the plant world, may be said, and with increased emphasis, of the still more admirable animal world, so immeasurably richer still in form and operation!¹

Few pause to reflect, and fewer still succeed in realizing, that what we actually behold in bird and beast, in fish and reptile, is in sober truth the meanest and most insignificant portion of their being.

Their movements, gestures, and multiplied acts, looks, and expressions, are but outward indices of inward powers, of which no adequate notion can be formed. What is the beauty of their material form, compared with the spiritual beauty that hides within? Who would not be filled with wonder, and entranced with delight, could he contemplate directly, and in themselves, the vital principles that have evolved, let us say, the Emperor Butterfly from its dusky pupa; or that have watched over and conducted so successfully, stage after stage, the gradual evolution of the gorgeously jewelled and painted humming-bird, from the structureless mucus of the parent egg!

The simple vital forces which mould and fashion the rude inorganic matter into the most diverse and complicated living bodies, full of stateliness and dignity, must far outshine even the best and fairest works of their hands. The most careful study of their handiwork can supply us with no sufficient data, by which to measure the perfection and the charm of the invisible agents themselves.

To watch their influence in and on the raw material is to obtain but a very faint and fragmentary idea of the force itself. We long to thrust the work itself on one side, so as to get were it possible, a glimpse at the workers; to stay the loom for an instant, as it were, in order to gaze upon the busy little fairies that sit incessantly spinning and weaving and working all through the long spring and summer, till the flower is completed in every detail or till the ripe fruit hangs in clusters from the bough.

¹ "Anima sentiens ita est elevata supra vegetantem, ut *plus sit pulchritudinis* in una sentiente, quam in omnibus vegetantibus simul junctis." (Lessius).

Here, it seems to me, we catch glimpses of future possibilities. The delightful possibilities, for instance, of one day—in some higher state of existence—contemplating and understanding the grander and more interesting and more superlatively beautiful side of nature; and of gazing upon the whole universe of living and sentient beings, not as we do now, through their outward phenomena—not “as in a glass”—but directly, and in themselves.

In every living form of tree and shrub, and of fish, reptile, or insect, a revelation, and a most marvellous revelation, remains to be made. We must surely, some day, be allowed to see beyond the mere phenomena, to pierce the fleshy envelope, and to peer right down into first causes. For the cause must be so immeasurably more interesting than its effect, and such a far grander manifestation of the wisdom and power of Him who created it.

This will open out a new Paradise unspeakably rich in beauty, variety, and undreamed of wonders.

But far above the world of simple and blind forces, lies another world; the world of rational and human action, where dwells the soul of man,¹ with its rational powers, its freedom of will, its self-consciousness, and its knowledge of right and wrong. There are, indeed, moments when man's soul seems to gleam through his eyes; to be reflected on his features; and to tremble in his voice—but it is little more than “seeming.” Like the vital forces in a plant, it does not disclose itself, save by its acts. Its *real* self lies as securely hid from gaze of vulgar eyes, as the recluse within the strict enclosure of his convent walls. We know, without any doubt, that it is there, animating the body. We are confronted with the most unequivocal evidence of its ceaseless activity, its perpetual vigour and energy, as it controls and directs every act and movement of the mass of flesh in which it is immersed, more masterfully and ably than the steersman guides a ship. No doubt remains concerning its whereabouts. Yet we cannot see it. The human soul is ever contemplating the external world through the bodily senses, as the astrologers of old contemplated the sidereal universe through their glasses and telescopes. Its spiritual and intellectual nature enables it to connect fact with fact, and experience with experience, and so to draw inferences, and to

¹ “*Anima rationalis incomparabiliter est pulchrior quam animæ sensitivæ omnes simul junctæ.*” (Lessius.)

build up theories, and to argue and reason concerning everything under the sun. It meditates and discusses and forms abstract ideas, but, strange to say, it cannot itself utter the thoughts that are within it, nor speak its mind, nor tell its musings to other minds,—at least, not directly. It is constrained to employ agents, servants, menials, such as tongue and lips, and vulgar air. In our present state, these must be the medium of its messages. It is forced to be under compliment to the physical organs of the body for the means of transmitting to others its ideas, conceptions, desires, fancies, and feelings. And without such extraneous aid, it can hold no converse with its fellows, but would be as one dead. The human soul is indeed a prisoner, held fast bound in thralldom to flesh and blood; powerless to escape even for a single instant, till his prison-house be actually destroyed and levelled to the dust. Even when the grim janitor, Death, opens the door and lets his charge go free, the passing of the soul is unperceived and wholly impervious to the senses of mortal man.

But what a striking being must be the soul, even when regarded in its own nature, and apart from the further adornments of divine grace! If the vital principle even of a water-lily, or carnation, or the animal soul, the *anima belluina*¹ of an ant or a grasshopper, contain such a mine of undreamed beauty and loveliness, who shall conceive the treasures of beauty contained in the human soul? And who shall conceive the joy, delight, and surprise that will be ours when we have received power to contemplate it in itself and face to face—the soul, made to the image and likeness of the infinite and uncreated Beauty of God? What can compare with it? What in this wide world of ours is more versatile, quick, keen, intelligent, and wise! When we look out even upon material things and consider how man's mind or soul, through the clumsy agency of corporal organs, has transformed the world; created the arts and sciences, and industries, and left its mark in ten thousand museums, galleries, pantheons, libraries, and manufactories, we yearn to be introduced to it, to contemplate it from within, to study its attributes and perfections, and to grow acquainted with its very essence and innermost nature. The human spirit! What a puzzle it is! It stalks the earth, closely wrapped around and

¹ "In una simplici forma continetur vis sensuum, vis imaginationis, et appetitus sensitivi. Quæ omnia sunt ita admirabilia, ut mens humana ne centesima quidem ex parte ea capere possit!" (Lessius.)

folded about in its disguise of clay. It moves familiarly amongst us, beneath its ponderous and impenetrable mask, but no personal view, no hand to hand contact, is ever vouchsafed between soul and soul. So we go on, day by day, each in our own way; till at last the folds fall off, and the mask is removed. Then, in another world, and amid other surroundings, we shall understand what a human soul is really like. Spirit will meet spirit, without any intermediary. No wagging of a material tongue; no pressure of a material hand, no, not even the flashing of a material eye will be needed for the interchange of thought, the pledge of friendship, or the declaration of love. No beating of the air, no vibration of material corpuscles, no painful producing of sound waves are needed there to act the part of messenger. Such clumsy methods have served their purpose, but are thought of no more.

So far, we have spoken of the soul in its natural state, and apart from grace. If it be so exquisite and unspeakably beautiful, even before its exaltation into the supernatural order, what shall we say of it, when lifted wholly above itself, and above all created natures, to a participation in the uncreated nature of God Himself!

If this crystal gem, the soul of man, be an object of such exceeding wonder and admiration, when considered merely in its native hue and colouring, what shall we think of it when it is lit up and penetrated and permeated through and through with the dazzling rays and infinite splendours of the eternal and uncreated Sun of Glory?—when, to use St. Peter's bold, yet inspired words, "it is made a participator of the Divine nature."

Here we pause, on the shores of God's immensity. Into that boundless ocean we cannot enter. Silence is the only language befitting such a theme. No human intellect, until illuminated by the light of glory, can lift the veil. "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away."¹

Yes, *when*—but "that which is perfect" is not yet come, and we must bide our time with what patience we may, and guard our souls in peace till the shadows pass and the day of eternity dawns. Then we shall be satisfied; yes! We have the authority of God Himself for saying that "we shall be satisfied when His glory shall appear."

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

A Basque Village Fête.

THE village is set upon a hillside that rises gently into a broad summit whereon stands the long, low, white-washed church, quaint rather than picturesque, with typical rounded apse, narrow windows, deep porch, and heavily-tiled roof. Sloping southward is the churchyard, *le pays des morts*, a tangle of tall grasses and trailing shoots of rose-bush and clematis, shot through with vivid colouring of autumn flowers. The tangle is not neglect, but summer's wanton growth, softening harsh outlines of ancient tombstones, formed very generally of flat stone slabs supported on low, squat pillars, and half concealing beaded tributes of regretful love that load more modern erections.

Below is the village proper, with houses placed irregularly as though by hazard. Real living-places are these Basque houses, set square to all winds, no creations of a day, but solidly built, with conical, red-tiled roofs, and overhanging eaves, the walls crossed and re-crossed by wooden beams often painted red, a favourite Basque colour. In farmhouses a vast doorway gives entrance to a barn-like *rez de chaussée* which forms a winter dwelling for cattle. A staircase in the corner, often quaintly carved, leads to the living rooms above, large and comfortable, where grandfather-clocks, gaudily ornamented, have ticked solemnly through the lives of many generations. On the sunny side there are wooden balconies, vine-wreathed, overlooking gardens that have a certain homely English air, flowers mingling luxuriantly with carefully cultivated vegetables.

A peculiar sanctity attaches itself to the Basque house, dear to its owners as to Anglo-Saxon is the soil of his native land. No named and numbered streets are here. Each house is known by its own name, the name of the family who first built it, not for mere dwelling, but as a home-centre. Over the doorway the name is usually inscribed, and certain facts concerning its history are often added. Should a house pass into the hands of strangers, its name remains unaltered. Rather it happens

that its new owner takes the name of the house. Thus in a Basque village one finds such names as Jean Eliçabide (*sur le chemin de l'Eglise*),¹ and Marianne d'Ithurralde (*à côté de la fontaine*), and many other curious appellations not to be understood of the stranger. A stranger indeed has neither part nor lot in the life of this interesting people, who through long centuries of change that have dispersed Empires, welded nationalities, and altered the face of Europe, have preserved in purity a language so difficult to acquire that few living foreigners have mastered its intricacies, along with their own traditions, their own manners, their distinctive personal traits of appearance and character, and an apostolic faith.

On the eve of the feast of the Adoration, a fair Sunday afternoon in early October, Vesper bell was ringing, and from every house came forth family groups, the men and women walking a little apart, all talking like magpies and laughing gaily. The men, a handsome, stalwart race, marked by a certain physical nobleness, the women vivacious, bright-eyed, and pleasantly featured. Older women never appear in church without their traditional black, hooded cloaks—*couvertes de leurs cotillons qu'elles rejettent sur la tête*. The younger generation wear black also, but have for the most part adopted the Spanish mantilla for head covering.

In the churchyard many lingered, veneration for the dead being a peculiar feature of Basque life, and remembrance of those already passed into the silent land is associated with every festival. Centuries of Catholic teaching and observance have transformed a devotion, even so late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries almost pagan in its observances, into a truly Christian sentiment. Literally in the *Pays Basque* the living watch over the dead, even the poorest contributing as a sacred duty towards Masses to be said and sung for departed neighbours. And though it is no longer customary to whisper into the ear of a corpse messages for another world, passionate words of love for departed relatives, recommendations for the saints and our Lady, or even appeals for new oxen to replace those lost by misfortune, the link between quick and dead is none the less vividly realized. With no touch of doubt these simple people believe that the dead by prayer and intercession help those with whom in the life they lived and suffered and rejoiced, and who are still buffeted by the waves of this troublesome world.

¹ *La Maison Basque*, O'Shea.

But the Adoration is chiefly an affair of the living, and on this fine afternoon there was scarcely a note of sadness in the air, love and faith being mighty to console even by newly made graves. It was a scene of unrivalled beauty and fairness. Away south, purple hills in Spain, formed the background to an undulating country of happy autumn fields rich with increase. Towards the west, beyond the village with its red roofs, an expanse of blue sea stretched to the horizon, the noise of its white-crested breakers just audible on that perfectly silent afternoon. In the luminous atmosphere every object, every touch of art or of time was clearly defined. Almost it might seem to an onlooker like a glimpse of an earlier world, so did the women's dignified dress, the men's noble bearing, the echoes of a strange tongue, the smiling, radiant country, the spontaneous gaiety appear the expression of a natural other-time life. Perhaps it is a remembrance of these fair days that draws the wandering Basque back so surely to his home. For the Basque is a wanderer in his youth. He is a sailor by instinct, and when bad times come, and the family is threatened with poverty and its home with ruin, its sons go to South America, where they work, not so much for riches as for a sufficiency wherewith to re-establish their old home, and keep the fire-burning of the hearth. This object attained, they return to settle down in their own village to the pastoral life of their forefathers.

The bell ceased and the women hastened into the church, men lingering in the great whitewashed porch, of aspect almost Puritan in its austerity. Here, too, a stranger would willingly linger, for underfoot are tombstones carved with suggestive legends and emblems, notably one where is a chalice surmounted by a curiously subdivided circle, probably of Eastern origin. The grave of a *Bénoite* has lighted candles carved on each side of her name, her occupation in life, which was to keep altars fair and lights duly burning, being thus touchingly recorded.¹ The *Bénoite*, or sacristan, is the successor of the *Sorore* or *Sœur* of early time who played an important part in a Basque community. She is still nominated by the Curé and approved by the Bishop, must be unmarried, as she undertakes to serve the church, *sa vie durant*, and has, in addition to the care of altar-linen, lights, and vestments, a certain charge over the cemetery and duties with regard to funerals.

Vespers having fully commenced, the men and boys, with

¹ *J. de Tombe Basque*, O'Shea.

whom it might seem to be a point of honour to enter at the last possible moment, began slowly to ascend a double staircase that led to the upper part of the church. Entering by a curtained doorway, an unexpected scene presented itself. As though to atone for outward meagreness, the interior of a Basque church is full of colour. As if with deliberate aim for effect, the altar is raised from ten to twelve feet above the nave, and is approached by a well-proportioned flight of steps with gilded railings. The whole sanctuary is lavishly decorated with gold, cunningly touched with red. By a curious sense of fitness, this almost barbaric colour scheme is concentrated upon altar and sanctuary. The nave is bare of decoration, but the three galleries, rising tier on tier nearly concealing whitewashed walls, are of dark wood gracefully designed and roughly carved, touched here and there also with gold and red. From the flat painted roof hangs the model of a ship in full sail, fraught doubtless with memories for those who dwell by that treacherous sea, and who occupy their business in great waters. The nave is entirely occupied by women, the galleries by men. This is a distinctive feature of every Basque church, as also is a separate entrance for the sexes, though the great outer porch is common to both alike. Every man has his own place, his hereditary place, owned by his house rather than by himself, a dearly prized privilege he would lose if his home passed into other hands. Women have chairs assigned to them in the nave, and no toll for seats is taken in the church. In former times, a woman, if head of her family and owner of the house in her own right, had also the privilege of occupying in church the place belonging to the family headship.

Heresy is unknown in the Pays Basque. And the Basque is not only religious, he is demonstratively religious. In his churches there is scarcely need for instrument or choir to lead the singing. Men and women, without aid of book, join heartily and tunelessly in chanting the Offices of the Church. The hymns are often in his own beloved tongue, set to old Basque melodies, and are sung with much happy devotion. Basque Curés are fond of long sermons, but on this occasion, the eve of the *fête*, the Curé was content to be brief. Seemingly he spoke with eloquence and was listened to with close attention. It was an occasion when the advantage of a universal language for the Church's Office could be gratefully realized. Stopping abruptly at the close of what seemed an impassioned address, the Curé

began to speak rapidly in French. He explained that a special confessor, a Dominican Father, was present and ready to hear confessions, urged all to prepare their souls suitably to celebrate the *fête*, and gave permission to those unable to attend the morrow's first Mass to communicate at High Mass.

There was a note of authority in M. le Curé's voice, and he spoke as one used to being obeyed. The Basque Curé has certain characteristics in common with the Irish priest. He is severe on backsliders, and has been known to denounce evil-doers from the altar, and to chide the erring by name from the pulpit. He admits no authority but his own. A zealous convert, settled in the village in question, humbly asked to be made useful. She was musical and was given permission to play the harmonium and train the choir. Heart and soul she set herself to the task, winning the good-will of her choir—a difficult matter, for the Basque is suspicious of strangers—gaining a generally acknowledged success. Perhaps, however, the Curé detected in his choir-mistress signs of spiritual pride. One day he informed her that he no longer required her assistance, assigning no reason for the change. There was no appeal and no discussion. Regrets there were, but even these were not very audibly expressed. M. le Curé had so decided. In many a Basque village there is a school for saints.

The morning of the *fête* dawned fair and clear. A generally observed holiday, High Mass at half-past nine o'clock was thronged, not only with women, but with men likewise. The church too had put on a holiday aspect. Even the whitewashed porch was made fair with flowers and wreaths of greenery, while the sanctuary was a blaze of colour. With a constancy of observation not often to be found in primitive communities, the note of red and gold in the scheme of decoration had been carefully preserved, only relieved by the green leaves of great, red flowering plants. Everywhere was manifest that desire so pathetic in its limited fulfilment, that the Spouse should be "brought unto the King" in fitting raiment. At least thirty clergy from neighbouring parishes assisted within the sanctuary. Communion occupied a considerable time, the most perfect order prevailing, men descending from and returning to their galleries before women presented themselves. Most remarkable it was to see the women, when the moment for the Procession approached, rise like well-drilled soldiers and noiselessly draw their chairs into the middle of the church, leaving a passage clear

on either side. Then two girls in blue dresses came forward, and covered the bare floor with a fair white cloth. Here and there eager hands were outstretched to assist, and, smiling, one and another knelt down to smooth out a fold in the stuff. Then came the Procession, preceded by a crucifix of great antiquity to which was attached bells that rang sweetly, and as the Blessed Sacrament went by women slipped from their chairs and knelt lowly on the floor. Thus many remained while the Litany of the Saints was sung, and then the congregation melted quietly away, leaving a few bowed, adoring figures to watch and pray.

In the little Presbytère there was considerable stir, for M. le Curé had thirty guests to feed, Curés for the most part from neighbouring parishes. Nearly every family in the village had contributed something towards the feast, sportsmen offering such game as *outardes*, *palombes*, and quails that were on passage, fishermen contributing fish, women eggs and poultry. Village pride would have suffered, had M. le Curé's table been poorly furnished that day. Down in the village girls chattered and women prepared a festive meal, while young men played *pélote*, the Basque national game.

Thus the bright hours wore away until early afternoon, when the whole village streamed up the hill again for Vespers. Every one was in good-humour. Small gentry had driven in from the neighbourhood, servants had been set free for the afternoon. All mingled freely together. A black mantillaed Spanish Marquise, cousin of the Empress Eugénie, a pathetic exiled figure, walked among her humble neighbours talking with them of their concerns. Very impressive was the scene in church. Hundreds of candles illuminated the high altar, which shone with a golden glory, leaving the body of the church in semi-obscurity. Every one joined in chanting Vespers. Then silence fell, and a priest with a strong ascetic face went into the pulpit. He knelt down. The people knelt also, and again for a minute there was silence. Then in a low rapt voice the priest began to pray an extempore prayer in the Basque language, and continued for a quarter of an hour, followed with breathless attention by the kneeling people. He it was who had prepared them to fitly celebrate the visible dwelling of our Blessed Lord amongst them for a few brief hours. Doubtless he knew the difficulties of their simple lives, and spoke their hearts' desires. A certain wistfulness as of exile touched the stranger onlooker

and for one of English race was added a regretful memory of English villages robbed of such a blessed heritage.

The contrast was a vigorous one when, under that bright blue southern sky, these same people set themselves to enjoy the remainder of their holiday. Families lingered about the village in groups, girls drew together and discussed toilettes, those from the neighbouring town exciting much talk and admiration, and men and boys betook themselves to the *pélote* ground while light lasted. And when the moon rose in a pure sky, making a path of light upon the now silent sea, young men and maidens gathered on the *falaises*. On the green, girls danced the *fandango*, keeping time to men's singing, fantastic graceful figures throwing strange shadows on the ground. And the cross hard by, with its tale of wreck and loss, and mute appeal to Heaven for those at sea, rose ghost-like through the clear moonlight.

C. P. WHITEWAY.

Our Popular Devotions.

II.—THE ROSARY.

X.—THE RISE AND GROWTH OF THE DOMINICAN TRADITION.

NO earnest Catholic can afford to think slightly of tradition. Tradition is a most essential feature in the Church's credentials, the very foundation, in fact, upon which her claim to teach is based. But there are traditions and traditions. Every widespread belief is not a tradition in such sense as lends any weight to the opinion for which it is invoked. In the later middle ages we find what was practically speaking an universal belief in the historical existence of Pope Joan, but we should hardly think of calling this a tradition. The sort of tradition which alone can be appealed to as an argument involves much more than the acceptance among a number of people of a story, of which neither they nor their grandfathers remember the first beginnings.

To determine, then, in any given case, whether we are in the presence of a genuine tradition is a rather delicate matter. The only way of deciding the problem is to trace the belief back to its earliest appearance and to observe carefully the conditions under which it first comes under our notice. Is it referred to in these early days as a matter of common knowledge which no one would dream of questioning; or is it, on the other hand, advanced as a novelty and substantiated by revelations and dubious historical authorities? Does the story appear independently in many different localities widely separated from one another, or can we trace its growth as it spreads from one definite source and travels over Europe in an ever-widening circle? If we can answer these questions plainly and with absolute certainty there will be little doubt left as to the character of any tradition which we are engaged in investigating. Let us try to apply this test to the story of the Rosary.

St. Dominic, the founder of the Friars Preachers, died in 1221. For two centuries and a half after his death, as we have

seen in previous articles, no clear statement is extant connecting his name with the institution of the Rosary. This is admitted by the most strenuous champions of the received view,¹ and the fact should be remembered, when we are told, as we sometimes are, that the tradition has existed from time immemorial. Putting aside the apocryphal testimony of Thomas à Kempis, the first person to say anything explicit about St. Dominic and the Rosary, is the Dominican, Alan de Rupe (de la Roche), who died in 1475.

It would require more space than I have at my command to discuss the problems presented by the career and the writings of Alan de Rupe. He was by birth a Breton and belonged originally to the Dominican community of the picturesque town of Dinan. He may as a boy have known something of English rule, for he was sixteen in 1444, when the English were driven from French soil. To make his studies he was sent to Paris, and having there achieved considerable success, he spent the rest of his days as a professor of theology, teaching in the north of France and in the Netherlands. He found time, however, for a good deal of missionary work, and at the instigation, as he believed, of our Blessed Lady, who appeared to him constantly in visions, he devoted himself with unwearied zeal to the preaching of the Rosary, or, as he preferred to call it, "the Psalter of the most Blessed Virgin." That he was a man of fervent piety, it seems to me difficult to question. Michael Francisci de Insulis, O.P., a pupil and friend of Alan, who afterwards became tutor and confessor to the son of the Emperor Maximilian, and was raised to the Episcopate, pronounces an earnest eulogium upon his master's virtues, even while he lets us see that Alan was accounted extravagant by not a few of his contemporaries. On the other hand, it is equally impossible to question that in his so-called visions the Apostle of the Rosary must have been the victim of the most astounding hallucinations. Nothing is too preposterous or incredible to find a place in the stories about St. Dominic and the Rosary which he wrote down and preached on the authority of these experiences. For two hundred years the revelations of Alan de Rupe (*Blessed Alan de Rupe* he is formally styled in the Dominican Breviary) met with general acceptance in the Order. It was not a critical

¹ See THE MONTH for January, 1901, p. 73. Cf. *The Irish Rosary*, February, 1901, p. 138; Drane, *Life of St. Dominic*, p. 122. The only direct statement of early date ever adduced was that of Anthony Sers' will, now admitted to be a forgery.

age, and there is no need to suppose that the Dominicans were more credulous than their neighbours, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that a man like Father Malvenda, who is said to have exercised a preponderating influence over the Sacred Congregation of Rites in the time of Clement VIII. and to have been constantly consulted by the Pontiff in all liturgical matters, was an out and out believer in the revelations of Alan.¹ It was he who was appointed to revise the Dominican Breviary and Missal, and we may plausibly conjecture that he had much to do with the drafting of the Apostolic Letter of 1603, *Ordo Prædicatorum*, in which, in accord with Alan's revelations, the statement is explicitly made that St. Dominic established the Rosary in 1216 in the Church of St. Xistus at Rome, on the Via Ardeatina. No effective protest against these worthless materials for history seems in fact to have been offered until the time of Echard (1719) and the Bollandist Father Cuyper (1733), but since that date they have been repudiated by almost all biographers of the Saint.² Father Danzas, O.P., calls them rubbish (*fatras*), and Lacordaire, Drane, Balme and Lelaidier, &c., pass them by for the most part in disdainful silence.

Father Danzas indeed seeks to relieve Alan de Rupe himself of the responsibility of these preposterous visions. The revelations, he contended, have only come down to us in the *Alanus Redivivus* of Father Coppenstein,³ who gives us no information as to the source of the rigmarole which he has manipulated and published as Alan's. As the *Alanus Redivivus* did not appear until 1619, that is, nearly a century and a half after the death of the supposed author, Father Danzas seems to imply that the stories were either the invention of Father Coppenstein himself, or at least were taken by him from sources utterly untrustworthy. In the sixteenth century, he says, we hear practically nothing of Alan de Rupe. It is only Coppenstein at a later date who fathers these stories upon him. But let us have Father Danzas' own words.

Let it be remarked here [he says] that in the course of the sixteenth century the authors who treat of the Rosary—already a considerable

¹ In the *Annales Sacri Ordinis Prædicatorum*, left unfinished by Father Malvenda, and published after his death, we find that copious use has been made of Alan de Rupe's revelations.

² Cf. Guiraud, *St. Dominique*, pp. 12, 210.

³ Father Coppenstein was, of course, a Dominican, a most voluminous writer and a man highly respected by his contemporaries in the Order.

number—when appending for the edification of their readers certain stories or examples to the didactic element in these treatises, draw upon ancient legendary sources which they mention, and not at all upon Alan, to whom in this portion of their work they do not even refer. The writings of the last named author are left to sleep peacefully in a repose which lasts for a century and a half.¹

There are many curious statements in Père Danzas' chapters on the origin of the Rosary, but this perhaps is the most astonishing of all. It is an assertion which fairly takes our breath away. If there is one sixteenth century writer more than another that Father Danzas must have had in mind in inditing that passage it must surely have been Father Albert de Castello, O.P., whose book he appeals to several times as a most important document.² It was certainly a book frequently reprinted, of which the British Museum and Bodleian Library together contain five different editions.

Now when Father de Castello in this work passes from the didactic part of his treatise to encourage his readers by edifying examples, he inserts a few prefatory words explaining the sources from which these miraculous events are extracted. They are taken, he tells us, "partly from a book by the Blessed Brother Alan of happy memory, of whom we have spoken [as indeed he has] at the beginning of our treatise, and partly from other Religious who are worthy of credit." Any one who will take the pains to compare these miracles with those published in the *Sponsus Novellus*, of which I shall shortly speak, or with the *Exempla* appended to the *Quodlibet*, will find that at least three-quarters of the miracles selected by Castello come straight from this source. The few incidents remaining which occur at the end of the volume are, no doubt, those other episodes which he professes to have learnt from "Religious worthy of credit."³

Opposite the page upon which these words occur will be found a woodcut, roughly copied below, representing our Lady appearing to Alan de Rupe; the woodcut being repeated in the preface, where Alan de Rupe is also referred to at length. But even so Père Danzas' oversight might be deemed excusable if Castello were the only writer who thus referred these stories to

¹ Danzas, *Études sur les Temps Primitifs de l'Ordre de St. Dominique*, vol. iv. p. 345.

² *Ib.* pp. 340, note, 371, 415, 417, &c.

³ "Li quali miracoli parte sono cavati de uno libro compilato per la felice memoria del beato maestro Alano: parte da altri religiosi degni de fede." (Alberto da Castello, *Rosario de la Gloriosa Vergine Maria*. Venice, 1524, fo. 219, r°.)

Alan. But Castello's book is only one out of scores of similar treatises from every part of Europe which, beginning as far back as 1484, repeat these same extraordinary stories and miracles, attributing them explicitly to the authorship of Alan. For example's sake I may cite Lamsheim's *Libellus Perutilis de Fraternitate Rosarii*, of which I have seen two editions, 1495 and 1517, one printed at Mainz, the other at Augsburg; or



OUR BLESSED LADY APPEARING TO ALAN DE RUPE.

Copy of a woodcut in the *Rosario*, &c., of Alberto da Castello, 1524.

again the *Speculum Rosariorum*, printed at Lübeck, c. 1497,¹ or the work of Jodocus Beysselius, *Rosacea augustissime cristifere Marie corona*, which appeared at Antwerp under Dominican auspices in 1500, or again in the Rosary-book published in Catalan by Father Geroni Taix, O.P. (he died in 1560), entitled *Llibre dels Miracles de Nra. Sra. del Roser*,² or again, the

¹ The writer of this work tells us that it was begun in 1480 (*i.e.*, five years after Alan's death). "Annum circiter salutis humane MCCCCLXXXum. pauper quidam religiosus ejusdem glorie virginis qualiscunque zelator . . . meditari cepit," etc.

² After the story of Benedicta of Florence, Father Taix adds: "Totas aquestas tant excellents cosas, demes de esser estadas reveladas al Beneventurat Fra Alano de Rupe, familiar espós de la Verge Maria, jurà ell, y afirma haverlas trobadas escrites en lo Llibre Marial, que fece Fra Thomàs del Temple, Companyó del Glorios Sant Domingo; com à fiel Escriptor, y verdader, que succehiren ab la tras referida Beneta." (p. 158.)

German work of Father A. Walasser, *Von der gnadenreichen Brüderschaft des Psalters*, Dillingen, 1572, or that of Father Alonso Fernandez, O.P., *Historia de los Insignes Milagros*, &c., printed at Madrid in 1613, only six years before the appearance of Coppenstein's *Alanus Redivivus*. It would be easy to add to this list, but this selection of books, every one of which professes in the most formal terms to take its stories from Alan de Rupe, will surely suffice.

Father Danzas therefore has been singularly unfortunate in his attempt to exonerate Alan from the charge which weighs upon him. It would not be easy here to go into the details of the argument, but I may be allowed perhaps to record my conviction, after spending a very considerable amount of time upon the inquiry, that the *Alanus Redivivus* of Coppenstein contains nothing which is not really to be traced to Alan himself; but that, on the contrary, it constantly tones down, modifies, and even eliminates the more jarring extravagances of which Alan was guilty. Although none of Alan's lucubrations seem to have been printed in his lifetime, although nothing of his has apparently survived in manuscript,¹ and although, as I believe, much of what we possess was taken down originally by others as notes from his spoken discourses, as happened also in the case of Savonarola, and was never committed to writing by himself, still it seems to me practically certain that the miscellaneous contents of the book, which for brevity's sake I have more than once referred to as the *Sponsus Novellus*, printed in Sweden in 1498, are, as they profess to be, the genuine utterances of Alan. The decisive argument, in my opinion, is that these revelations are in the closest agreement with the *Compendium* and *Exempla*, which were printed under Alan's name together with Michael Francisci's *Quodlibet*, as early as 1485,² and frequently reprinted subsequently. Francisci, as we have seen, was a fellow-Dominican, the devoted friend and admirer of

¹ Some of Alan's stories may be found copied in MS. Additional, 6,716, at the British Museum, but I think that these have only been taken from printed sources. Similarly, a printed copy of M. Francisci's *Quodlibet*, at the Bodleian, contains written on its fly-leaves a transcript of the revelations made to Alan.

² I follow the date given by Campbell and by Copinger. The book was printed seemingly at Antwerp by Gerard Leeu. A still earlier book, a summary of the whole, or at least of part, of this work seems to have been published in Dutch under the name of Alanus van der Clip (de Rupe), *Van die nutticheyt ende edelheit des vrouwen souler*. It is assigned by Campbell to G. de Leempt, at Utrecht, c. 1479—1480. It is said to be translated from the Latin and abbreviated. Unfortunately I have been unable to meet with a copy of this rare book.

Alan, a man of learning and great influence. There can be no room for doubt that this edition of the *Quodlibet* was brought out under his own eye, and that Alan's *Compendium* and *Exempla* were added with his full sanction and probably under his editorship, for another book of Francisci's was being printed for the first time at about the same period by the very same printer. In any case the presumption is altogether in favour of the genuineness of the contents of the *Sponsus Novellus*.¹ It bears Alan's name, it appeared only twenty years after his death, when Francisci, de Sneckis, and other friends of Alan's were still living, it is in the closest agreement with what we know to be certainly his, it was quoted unhesitatingly as his by his fellow-Dominicans, and we have no record of any doubt being cast upon its authenticity.² If any one wishes to contest its claim to be received as Alan's, the burden of proof seems to me to lie entirely upon the side of the objector.

¹ The title of the book, as we learn from the first page, ran: "Magister Alanus de Rupe sponsus novellus beatissime virginis marie, doctor sacre theologie devotissimus, ordinis fratrum predicatorum, de immensa dignitate et utilitate psalterii precelse et intemerate virginis marie." It was printed in 1498 at the expense of the lady Ingeborgh, "conthoralis (i.e., the consort) strenui domini stemonis quondam gubernatoris regni Swecie," at the Carthusian monastery of Mariefried (Gripsholm), near Stockholm, which monastery she and her husband had founded and endowed. I have found it convenient to refer to this volume as the *Sponsus Novellus*, both for brevity's sake and to avoid confusion with other treatises of kindred title. From J. H. Schröder, *Incunabula Artis Typographice in Suecia*, it appears that two different colophons are found with this volume. Although the book is extremely scarce now, it must have had a considerable vogue, I think, in the early years of the sixteenth century. Another edition appeared at Lübeck in 1504.

² The form of the *Sponsus Novellus* shows that it was not left for publication as it stands by Alan himself. It is obviously a collection, made by somebody else, of his miscellaneous papers, revelations, sermons, anecdotes, &c. Much of the supplementary matter inserted at the close of the volume is suggestive of a Carthusian origin, and this, seeing that the book was printed in a Carthusian monastery, is not at all unlikely. We are expressly told that Alan was very intimate with the "Carthusiani Herinenses" and their Prior, Musgheslius. On the other hand, I cannot help thinking that the editor who originally put the materials together must have been a fellow-Dominican of Alan's. Take, for instance, such a passage as the following: "Et hoc factum fuit origo singularis propalandi psalterium virginis marie. Propterea in isto ordine plus quam per centum annos hoc perseveravit suffragium; et sic tali medio fundatus est ordo predicatorum, ex cuius fundacione venit fundacio bonorum omnium in mundo. Et hec omnia piissima dei genitrix virgo maria cuidam quem desponsavit per annulum et psalterium mirandum (i.e., a bead-psalter) ex crinibus ipsius virginis marie in collo ejus pendens narravit visibiliter et sensibiliter esse verissima." (*Sponsus Novellus*, sig. A, iiij. v°.) This passage, no doubt, is in the words of Alan, and it is to himself he refers when he speaks according to his wont of the *cuidam quem desponsavit virgo maria*. But I hardly think that this passage would have been retained unaltered by any but a Dominican editor.

The reader, I trust, will not be too impatient at these long explanations. If we are to estimate the value of Alan's testimony to St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary, we must know what kind of a man Alan was, and seeing that, in default of external history, we are compelled to judge him from his writings, we need to assure ourselves that the works attributed to him are really his.

Another difficulty in our way upon which a word must be said is Alan's practice of referring some of the most extravagant stories which he relates to the authority of a certain Joannes de Monte and a certain Thomas de Templo, who, as he repeatedly declares, were the companions of St. Dominic, and composed a "*Mariale*," a collection of miracles of our Lady which were worked at St. Dominic's intercession by means of the Rosary. History and the chronicles of the Order are completely silent as to the existence of these two personages. Neither has the slightest trace of any writings of theirs or any *Mariale* corresponding to the description ever been found. But in this matter we cannot do better than quote what the authors of the *Scriptores Ordinis Predicatorum* have to say on the subject in the article they devote to Alan de Rupe:

John de Monte and Thomas de Templo, whom Alan describes as companions of St. Dominic and his biographers, are of the same stamp as his visions; they are names absolutely unknown to all our early writers—French, Italian, Spanish, German, or English. If their manuscripts still survived in the time of Alan, most certainly he would not have been the only man to read them; but no one else has ever pretended to have seen them, neither Michael Francisci, his pupil, nor Cornelius de Sneckis, another pupil of his; nor James Sprenger, who was the first to erect the Confraternity of the Rosary at Cologne; in a word, no man has ever read these authors except Alan himself. Let this then be our conclusion. Alan was a most pious man, most devoted to honouring our Lady by means of the Rosary, a preacher most zealous for the salvation of souls; his visions, revelations, or perhaps we should rather call them parables, from the manner he employed them in his sermons, were productive of extraordinary fruit, but do not treat such things as history. That is all I ask. In the same way, Blessed Elizabeth of Schöngau had marvellous revelations about the details of Christ's Passion and about our Lady's not having been restored to life and assumed into Heaven until forty days after her death, but men of critical acumen have pronounced that such things must not be taken as historical. Observe, please, what the Editors of the *Acta Sanctorum* think about this matter. (June,

vol. iii. p. 635, and May, vol. vi. p. 246). But do not, at the same time, draw any conclusion adverse to the sanctity of Blessed Elizabeth or the piety of Alan.

So wrote Father Echard, O.P., as far back as the year 1719, in his great work dedicated to the General of the Dominicans, censored by two famous theologians of the Order, and published with the said Father General's seal and approbation.

I was at first inclined to conjecture in explanation of this extraordinary feature of Alan's revelations, that the creation of these two personages was a ruse of his humility, a ruse which he considered himself justified in employing on account of the impossibility of assigning the true source of these marvellous stories, which he believed to be supernaturally revealed to him in his visions. Alan's contemporaries with one accord declared that the person of whom he so often spoke, and whom our Blessed Lady espoused with a ring, and a rosary made out of her own hair, was undoubtedly himself,¹ and it seemed possible that he might have adopted this other more elaborate expedient for diverting men's thoughts from the true source of his inspiration. But on careful consideration this hypothesis appears hardly tenable. There are many stories, those of the Rosary visions of St. Dominic among the rest, which Alan not only declares to be recorded in the chronicles of John de Monte and Thomas de Templo, but to have also been confirmed by revelations in modern times, and this he states in the most grave and solemn language, invoking curses upon himself if he should swerve from the truth. I had better give his words in the original Latin.

Hec in legenda sancti thome de templo aquinari (*sic*) pro parte sunt scripta, qui fuit hispanus et sancti patris nostri dominici socius. Ex qua legenda et pluribus aliis legendis facta que nunc de dominico dicta sunt fuerunt extracta: et sunt nuper per revelationem christi et virginis marie confirmata cum signis magnis et portentis. Et de omnibus hiis fidem et testimonium sub juramento fidei trinitatis perhibeo, sub periculo omnis maledictionis michi infligende in casu quo deficio a veritatis recto tramite.²

I cannot, as I have said, persuade myself that Alan de Rupe was consciously a charlatan and a hypocrite, nor is it easy to

¹ See e.g., the explicit statements in the *Quodlibetum*, &c., of M. Francisci, the intimate friend and disciple of Alan, printed, as we have seen, under Francisci's own eye in 1485, sig. B, 3, r^o; cf. Beyssellius, *Rosacea Corona*, v. v. v^o.

² *Sponsus Novellus*, sig. P, 1, v^o.

see how even a distorted conscience could have permitted him to use such words in this and many other passages, if he knew that the writings of John de Monte and Thomas de Templo were a pure myth. Moreover, a remark of his friend, Michael Francisci, suggests that though these chronicles were suspected by many of his contemporaries to be a fiction, still a book of extracts did exist which purported to have been derived from the writers in question. I am led then to fall back upon the conjecture that some designing person, taking advantage of the extreme impressionability and credulity of Alan, and knowing, moreover, the direction in which his thoughts travelled regarding St. Dominic and our Lady's Psalter, fabricated a book filled with the most extravagant Rosary miracles, and then under the name of the *Mariale* of John de Monte and Thomas de Templo, palmed them off upon Alan. He will not, of course, have consented to part with this priceless treasure, so interesting to the Dominicans and to the Apostle of the Rosary, without the payment of a good round sum in hard cash.

No one realizes more thoroughly than the present writer the crudeness of this supposition; but where else are we to turn for a solution? The most wildly uncritical of readers in the present day will not venture to maintain that the stories and the revelations are authentic. Let me quote a single specimen. It is short, and it occurs in all the collections of Alan's *Exempla*, German, Italian, and Spanish, as well as in the *Sponsus Novellus* and the appendices to the *Quodlibet* of 1484. In the Bodleian copy of this last volume a hand, with a long finger pointing to this story, drawn in the margin by some early reader, conveys more clearly than any words could express it: "This is a good one, read here." The paragraph is headed: *Facit non mori sine eucharistia et dimittit pœnas purgatorii* (It, i.e., the Rosary, prevents people dying without the sacraments and it remits the sufferings of Purgatory).

In the time of St. Dominic there was a certain young lady in Spain called Alexandra. Moved by the preaching of the Saint she had had herself enrolled in a Rosary confraternity, but she was negligent and did not always remember to say our Lady's Psalter. Now two young men were in love with her, and it happened that they quarrelled on her account and killed each other in a duel. Thereupon their relatives, looking upon Alexandra as the cause of their woes, lay in wait for her out of

revenge, and seizing her, chopped off her head, which they threw into a well. All this was made known to St. Dominic in a vision, and one hundred and fifty days afterwards (note please the number of our Lady's Psalter), he came to the place at the instigation of the most Blessed Virgin, and approaching the mouth of the well he called aloud for Alexandra. Thereupon the head of the unfortunate maiden, seemingly without the body, rises from out of the well, still showing the wound as fresh as if it had been severed yesterday. Alexandra's head looks tenderly upon St. Dominic, makes its (or should one say her?) confession, and receives Holy Communion. Then, after telling him that Alexandra has seven hundred years purgatory before her, but that she hopes on account of the confraternity of the Rosary to have the time shortened, the lips are stilled in death and the head is buried together with the body. Fifteen days afterwards (the number is again obviously commemorative of the fifteen mysteries), Alexandra appears to St. Dominic radiant and in glory. She is the bearer of a message from the souls in Purgatory, asking their friends on earth to enter their names as soon as possible upon the confraternity register. Further, she is commissioned to tell him that the saints and angels approve highly of the new organization, and that God calls Himself the Father and the Blessed Virgin calls herself the Mother of all the members.¹

¹ That the reader may see that the above account is not exaggerated, I append some passages from the original. "Res stupenda; caput angelicis manibus paulatim multis aspicientibus ascendit et sic recens adhuc apparet vulnus quasi hoc die ibi fuisset injectum. Et aspiciens affectuose sanctum Dominicum, cum gemitu ait: 'confiteri, pater, cupio.' Facta ergo mox optime confessione sacram percepit devotissime communionem." (*De Psalterio B.V.M. Exempla valde motiva*, Edit. 1484, sig. A, 7, v^o.) The *Speculum Rosariorum* uses almost identically the same words, and the German and Italian version are in close agreement. There is no mention of the body until afterwards, when it is stated that they buried the head with the body. The latter part of the story stands thus in the *Speculum Rosariorum*, which is more compendious than the *Exempla*: "Tandem quoque defuncta post xv dies beatissimo Dominico tanquam stella fulgida iterum apparuit contestans se a purgatorio liberatam meritis participationis confratrie prefate; in quo tamen juxta sententiam judicis septingentis annis puniri debuisset nisi sic adjuta fuisset. Alia quoque subjunxit, unum videlicet quod sancti omnes et angeli de hac confratria multum letantur, et Deus vocat se patrem eorumdem confratrum et maria se eorum matrem. Aliud quod pro parte animarum que pro tunc erant in purgatorio legationem ad eundem beatum virum acceperat scilicet quod eum rogabant pro omni posse quatenus eorum amici et parentes viventes in prefata confratria se poni facerent, ut sic participes de eorum meritis fierent sicut et viventes participationem in meritis ejusdem habere possent; promittebantque se in millecuplo vicem eis reddituros in gloria, pro ipsis scilicet Dominum devotissime exorando. Quibus dictis disparuit et felix eternaliter manet." (*Speculum Rosariorum*, cap. iv. § 1.)

However much this story may be calculated to move the reader's sense of the ludicrous, it is at least quotable. There are others, I regret to say, which are not only quite as ridiculous, but are distinctly offensive to pious ears. Moreover, as Echard long ago has pointed out, there are extravagances in these revelations which are theologically scandalous, and which under other circumstances might easily have brought their author under the ban of the Inquisition. But condemn or excuse this tissue of marvels as we may, the fact is certain that it is here among the utterances of John de Monte and Thomas de Templo that we meet for the first time a plain statement connecting St. Dominic with the preaching of the Rosary. Alan de Rupe brings the matter before us in several different forms. Let me summarize first of all the chapter discussing the origin of the Rosary in the most sober of all his writings, the *Apologia* addressed to Ferric, Bishop of Tournai. The chapter is headed, "How this psalter was invented, or by whom and where and when, and through whose means it was spread abroad (*promulgatum*)."¹ Alan begins:

Most learned prelate of the servants of Christ. Whereas the curiosity of many seeks to inquire concerning the author of this Psalter, the time of its beginning, and the persons through whom it was made known, I could wish that such people were moved to this by devotion rather than by profane curiosity. I fear that they are like the Athenians, who were always more keen to learn what was new than what was true. For what good purpose does it serve to inquire who it was that made the camp, or the chalice, or the book, or the vestment, or anything of the sort? It is sufficient that we know from experience that these things are very good.

Alan then goes on to say that the Blessed Trinity made the Angelic Salutation, and that the Angel Gabriel was their mouthpiece, that the Our Father was composed by our Saviour, and that St. Bartholomew is recorded to have repeated the Our Father two hundred times daily, with genuflexions, which was "the Psalter of our Lord," with fifty Our Fathers added for devotion's sake. After that, the Fathers in the desert had a special revelation concerning our Lady's Psalter, but the practice

¹ We know little of the circumstances under which this was written, but Alan is clearly on the defensive. He seems to have been accused to Bishop Ferric of preaching a novel devotion containing much extravagance. Alan accordingly explains the nature, history, and beneficial effects of the recitation of our Lady's Psalter. The text of this *Liber Apologeticus* seems to be preserved faithfully in the *Sponsus Novellus*. Coppenstein as usual has edited and expurgated.

died out, and "then Bede, the Englishman, revived it and preached it far and wide through all England, Brittany, and France." Later on, St. Bernard developed it and made a Psalter to the Virgin Mary "according to the number and the meaning of the Psalms of David, as I myself have seen and understood (*sicut et vidi et tenui*).¹ Further, he mentions St. Benedict² and St. Otto, Blessed Mary of Oignies, and St. Dominic Loricatus, upon which he continues: "After him came another Dominic, the most blessed chief and illustrious father of the Order of Preachers, who from the age of youth always recited this Psalter at least thrice a day, disciplining himself the while with an iron chain. He, in accordance with a revelation of the Blessed Mary, preached it far and wide through Spain and parts of Italy, France, and Germany, distributing (bead-) psalters publicly." So also did St. Francis preach this devotion. "I myself have seen the beads which he used." Finally, Alan concludes that "to preach and to teach the Psalter of Mary is not then a novelty, but a thing most ancient, most laudable, and most honourable, which through the apathy of men has fallen into neglect."³

The reader will notice that St. Dominic is not in any sense described as the author, but only as the restorer of the Rosary; neither have we any reason to suppose that Alan had better evidence for his assertions regarding St. Dominic than he had for those regarding St. Bede. Never once, so far as I am aware, in Alan's numerous references to St. Dominic and the Rosary, does he profess to have acquired his knowledge from any tradition of the Order. On the contrary, he appeals only to the revelations made to the "*sponsus novellus beatæ Mariæ Virginis*" (*i.e.*, himself), or to the veracious chronicles of Joannes de Monte and Thomas de Templo. His accounts of St. Dominic's various visions of our Lady regarding the Rosary are utterly confused and inconsistent. I may condense his narrative of one of the most remarkable of these.

At the time of the conflict with the (Albigensian) heretics in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, St. Dominic having given himself up to every possible form of prayer and austerity, was in despair concerning the little fruit which he effected. So exhausted was

¹ Perhaps, however, this may mean that he had had the book in his hands.

² That this gross violation of chronological order was really due to Alan is witnessed by its retention in many different early books which copied from him. Coppenstein has recast the passage, and put St. Benedict in his proper sequence.

³ *Sponsus Novellus*, sig. s, iv. r^o, seq.

he with his penances and watchings, that on one occasion he fell fainting to the ground. Thereupon our Blessed Lady appeared to succour her champion, attended by three queens, who each had fifty maidens in her train, all incredibly beautiful, and as it were clad in armour (*que omnes quasi armate videbantur*). The three queens were instructed to raise Dominic from the ground, and our Lady then enfolded him in her virginal embrace, and bestowed upon him a godlike kiss.¹ Furthermore, she put her breast to his lips until St. Dominic, having drunk his fill, was completely restored. Then addressing the Saint, our Lady told him that if he wished to accomplish great results he must preach her psalter.² The attendants who had come in her train were symbolical of the manner in which it should be said. The fifty clad in white represented the Hail Marys to be said in honour of the Incarnation, the second fifty in red were typical of the Passion, the third fifty, whose robes were all gleaming, denoted the Glorious Life of our Lord. Then St. Dominic goes to the church and assembles a great congregation, and his preaching of the Psalter of our Lady is confirmed by marvellous signs from heaven. There were terrible peals of thunder and a shock of earthquake, so that men believed that their last hour had come. But the statue of our Blessed Lady raised its hand, and, blessing the assembly, filled them with incredible joy.³

It is interesting to note that the favour of drinking from our Lady's breast was also accorded to her "spouse of modern times"—so I interpret *Sponsus Novellus*—though, as above remarked, Alan tells the story as if it were somebody else, and our Lady, according to another of his visions, used words expressive of the most intimate spiritual union with him, words which jar rather painfully upon our sense of the fitness of things.⁴

¹ "Cui illa protinus amplexus dedit virginales et osculum deificum, extrahensque de sinu suo ubera pudicissima ad nutum potavit." (*Sponsus Novellus*, sig. A, iij. r°.)

² "Propterea si vis in predicando fructum quem optas peragere, predica psalterium meum."

³ Another earlier revelation of the Rosary to St. Dominic was most solemnly described to Alan by our Lady herself. This happened when St. Dominic had been taken prisoner by the pirates and the ship was overwhelmed by a terrible storm. By means of the Rosary, which our Lady enjoined him to say, the ship came safe to Brittany, where all the pirates were converted. (*Sponsus Novellus*, sig. F, v. r°.) It is notorious that four different shrines, each supported by its own "tradition," dispute the honour of having been the scene of St. Dominic's Rosary revelation.

⁴ "Servicio meo segregare, cum affinitas inter me et te jam sit tanta quam si me desponsasses carnali desponsacione sacra totiens quot sunt mulieres in mundo, non tantum tibi essem alligata ut nunc per spiritualem hanc desponsacionem tibi sum divinitus copulata." (*Sponsus Novellus*, sig. A, v. v°.) In the edition of the *Exempla*,

All these facts being considered, it must be admitted, I think, that there was hardly any man of that age whose testimony as to any alleged tradition could be more open to suspicion, the more so that Alan never even pretended that his statement about St. Dominic was founded on the traditions of his Order.¹ None the less, it was undoubtedly from Alan that the belief took its rise and spread rapidly through Europe. There are perhaps some thirty² different writers in the fifty years after Alan's death who speak of St. Dominic in connection with the Rosary. In nearly every case the writer shows by explicit references that he was familiar with the works of Alan de Rupe. The principal exceptions that might be quoted are the Legatine Indulgences to the Confraternity of the Rosary; one of Alexander, Bishop of Forli, granted in 1476; another of Luke, Bishop of Sinebica (?), granted in 1478.³ In both these (as also in a Bull of Leo X. of Oct. 6, 1520) it is stated that St. Dominic, "as we read," or St. Dominic, "as it is reported," preached the Confraternity of the Rosary.⁴ Obviously the Legates acted upon the information that was supplied to them by the Dominican Fathers who petitioned for the Indulgence, and we cannot doubt that these latter will have magnified their confraternity by stating, as Alan himself did, that St. Dominic's preaching of the Rosary was

which, as I have stated, was published under the eye of Father Michael Francisci, O.P., Alan's most devoted friend, the following passage occurs after the particularly atrocious story of Benedicta: "Nota multa dictorum extracta sunt ex legendis fratris thome de templo qui fuit hispanus et socius beati dominici, et sunt nuper per revelationem Christi et beate virginis confirmata cum signis magnis et portentis adeo ut ipsa domina nostra visibiliter desponsaverit illum cui ista revelavit et ubera sua dederit ad sugendum osculumque virgineum sibi impresserit et maximis gratiis decoraverit. Et sic ei familiaris fuit quod nunquam fuit viro suo mulier sicut Christus et Virgo Maria frequentius (*sic*) fuerunt prefato sic desponsato. Et de omnibus hiis fidem sub juramento fidei sancte t. initatis testimonium perhibeo sub periculo omnis maledictionis mihi infligende in casu quo deficio a veritatis tramite." Then is added, with a new *alinea*: "Item creditur hec de desponsacione frater alanus de seipso dixisse, vir humilis et sapiencia dei plenus." (*Quodlibet*, sig. B, 2, v^o. and B, 3, r^o.)

¹ He states that the devotion was completely forgotten, e.g., "Hoc psalterium a mentibus hominum desidiosa dudum oblivione sepultum." Or again, "Quomodo potuit res dudum tam mirabilis et tam gloriosa (que est psalterium marie) sic dari in oblivionem quasi nunquam fuerit in mundo celebrata?" (See *Sponsus Novellus*, sig. A, iv. v^o. and s, v. v^o.)

² No doubt a more protracted search would discover many more, but I am speaking here only of books that I have myself seen. These include, I think, all the more famous early books on the Rosary.

³ See the text in the *Année Dominicaine*, June, 1900, p. 243.

⁴ The first of these Indulgences was addressed to the Rosary Confraternity at Cologne, erected by Fathers Sprenger and Francisci, Alan's special friends; the second to that of Lille, erected seemingly by Alan himself, and in the very place in which, according to report, he was first bidden by our Lady in a vision to preach the Rosary.

recorded in the chronicles of John de Monte and Thomas de Templo. So in the French book, drawn up about 1480, of the confraternity founded at Douai, if, on the one hand, we find the statement that St. Dominic was said in a certain "grant legende" full of miracles, to have restored the Rosary confraternities, we discover from what is said on a subsequent page that Alan de Rupe had once preached in Douai for a week together, and was the authority for the stories which we find there repeated.¹

But most striking and significant of all are the terms in which the immediate successors of Alan, his own fellow-Religious, refer to St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary. Do they speak of it as a tradition of the Order? Very much the contrary. It was obviously something which they had learnt from Alan and something which they accepted on his authority. Thus his friend and disciple, Francisci, in his *Quodlibet*, arguing against the objection that the Rosary was a novelty, refers first of all to Bede as its great Apostle, and then declares that St. Francis had used a rosary, the beads of which were still preserved. After which, he continues:

It was stated also by Alan de Rupe of pious memory, a distinguished professor of theology in our Order, that he had read in a certain treatise of Master John de Monte, that blessed Dominic had preached this confraternity, and had converted many by its means, and had wrought many miracles, the which for brevity's sake I now pass over.

How can we possibly believe that one who regarded the institution of the Rosary as an immemorial tradition would refer to it in such terms, the more so that he, more than once, lets us see that his contemporaries regarded this same John de Monte as a most doubtful authority. "I say nothing," he remarks further on, "of the stories of miracles which the aforesaid Master Alan used to quote in his sermons, and which are found in the treatise of Master John de Monte, since, by certain persons these are not received as historical." Again he admits that these visions of Alan were not to be too much insisted on; they should be piously received, he says, though they are not authoritative (*etsi non sint authentica*).²

Again, let us take the statements of an early Rosary sermon of Dominican origin printed in the *Evagatorium* of 1497, but probably of older date. "The Rosary," says the preacher, "if

¹ See the edition by Marchegay, p. 6. Cf. *Sponsus Novellus*, sig. T, v. r.^o

² For these passages, see the *Quodlibet* (Edit. 1480), sig. c, 9. v.^o and (Edit. 1477) fol. 7. Cf. also (Edit. 1488) sig. B, v. v.^o. "Sed quia hæc in scriptura sacra vel in libris autenticis solidum non habent fundamentum ideo non eis insisto."

we look to the matter of it, is nothing more nor less than the Gospel of Christ, but if we regard the form, or the manner in which it is set before us, we must believe, according to Alan de Rupe, that it flourished in the time of Augustine, Jerome, Gregory, Bede, Bernard, Benedict, as clearly appears in the *Speculum Rosariorum*. The same Alan declares that the Blessed Dominic, on account of a revelation of our Blessed Lady, was most diligent in saying his Rosary, and that he preached it publicly from the pulpit as a devotion that ought to be practised by all the faithful."¹ A precisely similar statement may also be found in the Rosary chapter of the *Legenda rara et ideo cara de Santa Anna*. Is this, I ask, the form in which we should expect a Dominican to allude to the "immemorial tradition" of his Order? If the other works, which have at various times come under notice in the course of these articles, do not so pointedly quote Alan or John de Monte for this particular statement about St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary, it is because they are undisguisedly founded from first to last upon the statements and revelations of Alan. The most frequently reprinted of all, the *Unser lieben frauen Psalter*, declares upon its front page that "the matter is all taken out of the book composed formerly by Alan de Rupe."

Not less striking is the fact that while the later tradition, the Bull of St. Pius V., and the lessons of the Roman Breviary, declare, in the most explicit terms, that St. Dominic was the first author and inventor of the Rosary, the earlier Rosary literature, whether Dominican or otherwise, for a good fifty years after Alan's time, maintains, with almost absolute unanimity, following of course Alan's lead, that the Rosary existed before the time of St. Dominic, and that he was only the restorer, not the creator, of the devotion. Perhaps, in the light of the quotation from Cornelius de Sneckis, O.P., another personal friend of Alan's, who is cited so prominently by Père Danzas, by Mother Drane, and by Father Procter, O.P., for the statement that St. Dominic was the author of the Rosary, the following few words, from a sermon of this writer, may be of interest: "But to show," he says, "that this Psalter of our Lady was instituted and commonly practised by men *before the time of Blessed Dominic*, and was renewed again by Blessed Dominic himself, as is piously believed, I have this two-fold argument." Whereupon he proceeds to adduce the evidence of certain records he had found at Halberstadt and Lille. And

¹ This is the sermon referred to by Echard, i. p. 736.

this¹ is the language of every writer who alludes to the origin of the Rosary before 1520, almost without a single exception,² and of many after that date. A careful examination of the early Rosary-books as they begin to appear, first in Germany and the Netherlands, and then in Austria, France, Italy, and Spain, shows most plainly that, like the Rosary confraternities, they owed all their inspiration ultimately to Alan de Rupe. Alan's theory of the origin of the Rosary was propagated as the confraternities were propagated through his example and initiative. It is in this way, and this way only, that the Dominican tradition originated.

But, it may be objected, if Alan taught that the Rosary existed before St. Dominic, how is it that the Dominican tradition now affirms the exact contrary? The answer is not difficult. When Alan and his followers began preaching the Rosary and founding confraternities, they were extremely anxious to defend themselves from the charge of novelty. Hence it was that they insisted on tracing the Rosary to St. Bartholomew, St. Bede, St. Bernard, &c., and amongst others to St. Dominic, the Founder of their Order. Once, however, that the Rosary was everywhere established, the charge of innovation no longer pressed. Very naturally the appeal to pre-Dominican precedents dropped out of sight, while for the glory of the Order the claims of their holy Founder were more and more emphasized. It would be absurd to pass any censure upon this gradual transformation of the legend. All who know anything of the *esprit de corps* which necessarily exists in any religious association, will see that the development was almost inevitable. In any case such a transformation did take place, and the transition stage is admirably illustrated in the *Rosario* of Alberto de Castello, O.P., the most popular Rosary-book of the sixteenth century, first printed at Venice, in 1523. While on the one hand the book is largely based on Alan de Rupe, whom, as we have already seen, it quotes prominently by name, still it magnifies so much the connection of St. Dominic with the Rosary that a careless reader would inevitably infer that it ascribed its origin to him. None the less, this is not, strictly speaking, the case.

¹ C. de Sneckis, *Sermones de Rosario* (Paris Edit., 1514, in Cambridge University Library), ff. 29, 30. "Quod autem illud psalterium fuit institutum et ab hominibus frequentatum ante tempora beati Dominici et per ipsum beatum Dominicum ut pie creditur iterum renovatum, ad hoc duplex habeo argumentum."

² One can hardly count Polydore Virgil as an exception. He ignores the claim of St. Dominic altogether, and attributes the introduction of the Rosary to Peter the Hermit.

I leave it to the readers who may have had the patience to follow me through all these tedious details to say in what sense the tradition regarding the origin of the Rosary comes down from time immemorial, or what value it possesses as evidence. In taking leave of the subject, I have only room for one final remark. It concerns the first suggestion of St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary to the mind of Alan de Rupe. From what Alan says about St. Bartholomew, it is plain that he was familiar with the widespread mediæval practice of saying a large number of Our Fathers or Hail Marys in succession *with genuflections*;¹ and that he regarded this as a kind of Rosary. Now, while there is no statement in any of the early biographies that St. Dominic recited 150 Hail Marys, it is mentioned as one of the nine special methods of prayer which he practised, that he used to genuflect a hundred times before his crucifix, praying the while. I think that this hint, coupled perhaps with some chance allusion to Dominic the Carthusian, the author of the *clausulæ*, may have planted in Alan's mind the germ of his revelations regarding the origin of the Rosary.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ This is recorded of St. Louis of France, as also of St. Mary of Oignies, St. Dominic Loricatus, and others. The last two are mentioned by Alan as precursors of the Rosary.



ONE SCENE OF THE LARGE ENGRAVED SHEET REPRESENTING
ST. DOMINIC'S NINE METHODS OF PRAYER.

c. 1480. From the unique copy in the Germanisches Museum at Nuremberg.

In none of these pictures, probably copied from illuminations of a very much older date, is there any trace of a Rosary.

One Woman's Work.

CHAPTER XIII.

"How improved Swithin is," said Baldur to Joan the next time they were in conversation together.

"He is a dear boy. I love him like a brother," she replied, a little hotly, for she did not quite approve of the speaker's apologetic tone about her cousin.

"I never thought he would have come out so well," persisted Baldur, though he quite understood the tone of her response to his remark. "I have known him since he was in petticoats, so I can speak with authority; and I always look on myself as a sort of elder brother to your cousins here. I am awfully pleased to see what a start he has made, and how he has come out."

"I think he is likely to turn out a splendid man some day," replied Joan, confidently, though she dropped her indignant tone.

"Yes, I agree with you. I quite think he may, in spite of everybody's prognostications. He may make his mark in the world yet, though he will not make it by his learning, poor old chap. This taking up practical engineering was a first-rate idea. He has strength both of mind and muscle, if I'm not mistaken, and between the two he ought to do. Poor Swithin has had a great deal to contend with," he added, after a meditative pause.

Joan looked at him inquiringly, and he continued: "You are almost the only person to whom I may utter what is in my mind; for it would be disloyal to say this sort of thing to outsiders. The truth is that I have always feared that the—to give a mild term to it—the indifference which his mother shows him might warp his character."

"Poor boy," said Joan, with bitterness, "she does not care much for him."

"No," he replied, "she never did, for some reason or other. Some eight or nine years ago I used to think that she positively disliked him. His contrast to poor Neville jarred on her almost

beyond her control ; and the more anxious she grew about one son, the more the other—child as he was—irritated her."

"I have never seen Neville."

"No, poor fellow, I suppose not. His mother simply idolized him, and did so from the moment of his birth, I've been told. She fixed all her hopes and ambition on him ; and I sometimes think that his turning out as he did hardened her a little, though she never speaks about him now. She could deny him nothing, and though he must have loved her in his way, his manners towards her were certainly not to be admired. But she never minded what he said or did to her, and expected all the younger ones to be his slaves, which was, I think, a great mistake."

"Poor Neville ! He is very attractive and handsome, is he not ?"

"I know he is thought so, poor fellow. When he first went to school he was an awfully pretty little chap, like those pictures you see advertised, and he managed to come round everybody. I don't know how it was, but he certainly got into a bad set at school. He never could resist flattery, or see through toadyism, and I fancy his taste for low company began then. But there, you know all about him you need know, so I will say no more. I always liked him through it all."

"What I cannot understand is why her love for Neville made Aunt Ella dislike poor Swithin."

"It is a puzzler, isn't it ? I suppose he disappointed her. He was an obstinate, sullen little chap, and very stupid and ugly—my goodness, wasn't he ugly, that's all ! Being a boy, I suppose he resented being Neville's slave more than the girls did, and it made him sulky. He never showed his best side to his mother ; and from the first she could never manage him, or bend his will to hers. Then later—but I don't know whether you will like me to say what I was going to say ?"

"Go on, please ; I feel sure you will not say anything you had better not."

"Well, it was about Swithin that Mr. and Mrs. Venn came nearer to a rupture than they had ever done before. When poor old Neville began to fall into bad ways, his father somehow or other put the blame of it on the school he had been at ; and when there was a talk of Swithin going to one of our public schools, your uncle said that he would not allow it, and—as perhaps you have found out—when he does make up his mind about a thing he sticks to it. He makes just the same stand

about refusing to have Edith here, though that trouble came after the other. Well, Mrs. Venn was, I think, less vexed at Swithin's not going to a public school than at being baffled; and she has never got over it. Ever since then she has constantly kept throwing the poor old chap's faults, his bad manners and ignorance, in his teeth, as the result of his education, which is, I dare say, quite true, but it has been rather rough on Swithin, and has done him no good."

"Poor old Swithin!" said Joan; "I have never had his position explained so clearly before; and it accounts for a great deal."

"And the girls," Baldur went on, "they followed suit, and were for ever taunting him, which of course did not improve his temper. I don't know if they go on in the same way still; but what I like to see in him is that his manner to his mother and sisters is so much pleasanter—though I admit to you that there is still plenty of room for improvement."

"One great thing gained is that he and Uncle Austen are more to one another than they were."

"So I thought from the little that I have seen of them together. That will be a great thing for them both. Poor Mr. Venn, his is a very disappointed life. He suffers more from being a cipher in his own house than most people would think. He has always been awfully kind to me, and I often feel sorry for him. I dare say," he added, hesitatingly, "that having you here is a great comfort to him, for I am afraid he doesn't get much sympathy in religious matters from his own family."

"I don't know that I add much to his happiness," replied Joan, thoughtfully; "though I would do anything in the world for him. He has sunk so deeply into his own silent, apart life, that I doubt whether any one can be much to him—unless it be Swithin. But poor Uncle Austen is so accustomed to disappointment that he scarcely trusts himself to believe that Swithin is as good as he is."

"That quaint little creature, Magdalen, clings to him," said Baldur.

"Oh, yes, she would gladly be made into mince-meat both for him and for Swithin."

"But there again," he responded, "Mrs. Venn does not seem to care for her as much as I should have thought she would. I should have imagined that her pale little face would have appealed to any mother's heart."

"I think it is just on account of her pale little face that Aunt Ella doesn't care for her," replied Joan, quickly. "Don't you think that very vigorous women like her do feel something akin to aversion from any weakly thing belonging to them?"

"I hope not," he replied, shortly; "for it would be so horribly unwomanly. Forgive me for laying down the law like that," he continued, seeing the colour mount to Joan's brow. "Perhaps it is because I have lived so much out of the world, and have not seen much of women as, perhaps, they are, that I have such a high ideal of what a woman ought to be. I could not bear to think that any one who has been as kind to me as Mrs. Venn has, could be what you describe."

"Perhaps it was an unkind thing to say," she replied, quietly, though still flushed by the effect of his rebuke.

It was a pleasant peculiarity of Baldur's, to which all who knew him were keenly alive, that he never was or could be harsh in his judgments, and always had a kindly excuse to make for everybody. He did this so simply and honestly that the excuses made by him had none of the irritating effects of those which bear the unmistakable stamp of being made chiefly for the benefit of the speaker, and rather to exonerate him from any charge of breach of charity than for the honest purpose of defending the accused. Baldur's thoughts were as kindly as his words, and charity to his neighbour was one of his natural virtues.

Ever to be remembered by Joan was that summer at Brooke-thorpe, when life and all its possibilities were unrolling themselves before her. It is to be wondered whether plants and fledglings feel the exhilaration of growth, or whether it is only human beings who rise up and rejoice as they open out in the morning of life, in that time of sunrise lights and blue mysterious mists, which comes only once to each of us, when all things seem possible and probable—a time which ever remains sacred in the memory of those who have passed through it.

Joan Loraine's mental development, or anyhow the beautiful part of it, had been retarded by the five years of almost unnatural seclusion for which she had so abruptly exchanged the freedom of her childhood. The obvious unpleasantness of the change called forth and abnormally developed in her a sense of duty and heroism to the exclusion of aspiration and expectation. Now, however, that the bow was unbent, her young

nature asserted itself authoritatively ; and she found the process of unfolding in the sunshine of life wondrously exhilarating. She felt grateful for her existence as she had never felt before. She had always acknowledged that the great gift of life was a thing to be thankful for, but it was a discovery to her to find how much there was in life. Her sky was higher and her world wider than she had ever dreamt them to be.

It is impossible to say whether this sense of exultation and expectation which hushed her life, and moulded itself into the most impossible aspirations, without ever degenerating into day-dreaming, was solely the result of the imperious claims of her youth, or whether it was in any way due to her human surroundings. She herself was content to know that she was happy, without caring to analyze its causes ; but with others it became a matter of speculation whether the element of an intimate, interesting, nay, engrossing, friendship had not much to do with her new-born joy in life.

Baldur Roy was ever by Joan's side, for, as day succeeded day, he discovered and fearlessly betrayed how necessary her society was to his happiness. As for Joan, being human, it was not possible that she should be unstirred by such an intimacy ; though she remained honestly oblivious to the fact that his feeling for her could have anything in it incompatible with the strictest friendship.

The constant intercourse with a friend whose wide experience and wider views put an attractive, interesting, and novel aspect on every phase of life could not fail to influence her in a way which might have been dangerous to many Catholic girls. With Joan, however, intimacy with this man—possessed though he was of little or no faith as she understood the term—far from imperilling her own faith, only emphasized and increased it ; for strong as it was, it had hitherto lain comparatively dormant within her for lack of any outward and antagonistic object whereby to test it. She was like a child who, though he grows up with a belief in the greatness of creation, takes his ideas of greatness from what he can see with his eye and touch with his hand, but who when he ceases to be a child and learns that there exist whole realms of God's creative power beyond his experience, lifts up his heart with a feeling of the dignity of his existence greater in proportion with his greater knowledge of the works of God's hands. So now Joan, as new and hitherto unknown depths of unfaith opened out before her in her inter-

course with Baldur, began to appreciate for the first time all that the great gift of faith means.

Baldur, as is usual with men whose doubt about God's revelation is honest, and no matter of rejoicing to them, was chivalrously careful never to utter a word which could offend her; but he did not, nor did he care to simulate a faith which did not exist; and, therefore, as her friendship with him ripened, Joan found herself for the first time face to face with the awful and ghastly reality of a life without God. But even as she gazed with horror into the desolate and void chasm of such a life, her own faith welled up within her as a giant of strength. After all, whatever we know about anything comes principally from its contrast to something else. We call light light, and value it, because we know what darkness is. We are bewildered by the distance of the stars from our earth, because we have formed our ideas on our own little measures of space. We raise our imagination to the thoughts of immortality, because we know but too well what death is; and in like manner we acquire faint, fugitive ideas of eternity by our own persistently present experience of time. How, then, should we not appreciate the certainty, repose, and security of life in the bosom of God's own Church all the more from its contrast with the confusion, uncertainty, and restlessness of the outer world; and rejoice the more exultingly in the light and eternal calm of the City of God because of the far-away roaring Babel of error outside?

So prevailing was Joan's appreciation of the great chasm fixed between her and Baldur, and her realization that it was of a more impassable nature than any human or legal barrier could have made it, that to entertain for him any feeling beyond that of friendship never crossed her mind. But even so she was puzzled, and questioned herself, how it was that she could feel such a strong friendship for one who entirely ignored all that was as the breath of her own life. However, she was human; and question herself, and puzzle her brains as much as she might—the friendship existed.

It was by no means only Joan's interests which revolved round Baldur; for the lives of all her cousins pivoted on him. His gift of almost feminine sympathy with their concerns, however small, united to the higher standpoint from which he viewed these and their own common-place little lives, made his society indispensable to them; and Joan was often amused to find her own concealed thoughts put into the plainest language

by each of her cousins in turn. If anything kept him away for a day from Brookethorpe, life flagged there; and if he made his appearance a little later than he was expected, every occupation was held in abeyance till he could be consulted. The girls regarded him, to all intents and purposes, as their brother; and Joan soon discovered that there was no family secret too sacred to be freely discussed before him. She was, ostensibly, included in this arrangement, and supposed to be on the same terms of intimacy with him as were the others, but it was a significant fact that neither she nor Baldur ever dreamed of calling each other by his or her Christian name.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was on a glorious August afternoon that Joan and the three elder girls were sitting under one of the spreading lime-trees which grew not far from the house at Brookethorpe. The late blossoms scented the air, and the humming of the swarms of bees among the branches formed a somewhat somnolent accompaniment to the desultory conversation of the cousins. The tea-table, laid in the deep shade of the trees, told the hour of the day; but the heat was still intense, and it was only the long shadows which showed that the year was fast advancing on its downward course.

"Oh dear me," grumbled Bertha, "when will Baldur and Swithin be back! What a plague cricket is! This is the second time this week that he has been away for nearly the whole of the day!" It was a thing understood by all present that the "he" referred to was Baldur and not her brother.

"Here they come at last," exclaimed Freda, joyfully, as the two male figures were seen to emerge from the house, the tall, loose-jointed Swithin looking more than usually ungainly when seen by the side of Baldur's lithe, athletic form. The two had been playing on opposite sides in a cricket-match of Brookethorpe and its tenants against the village.

"Well," cried Bertha, as soon as they were within ear-shot; "and how did the match go?"

"Oh, we were licked hollow," replied Swithin, throwing himself into a chair placed invitingly near the tea-table. "We were bound to be with this fellow against us. He made quite half the runs on their side."

"And how did you play yourself?" asked Joan.

"Abominably!" he replied, a little surlily. "Worse than usual, if such a thing is possible. I always play like a school-girl."

"Here, Freda, hand round the tea, if you have any left for us. We have earned it, which is more than you can say." So spoke Baldur, willing to change the conversation, for he knew how sensitive Swithin was about his deficiencies in most manly sports.

"Did you know that your mother heard from Nevile this morning?" he continued, after a time, when he and his companion had finished their tea.

"Did she?" responded Freda, not in the least surprised that it should be from Baldur that she should hear this piece of news about her brother. "Did he tell anything?"

"Not much," replied Baldur, his brow clouding. "It was only the old, miserable story of writing to ask her for money. It is too bad! I shall have no hope for the poor chap until he gets up proper spirit, and leaves off sponging on your mother."

"It would be better, of course," sighed Freda.

"But all the same," put in Joan, "I'm a little glad that there should be even that link between him and home. If he were not in disgrace with the world, I should not so much mind; but it seems so dreadful that his family should hold aloof from him as well."

"I often think my father would like him to come home, if it were possible," observed Swithin.

"I think I can understand that," said Baldur, gravely. "He would feel tenderly towards him on account of his disgrace."

"Not only that," replied Swithin, awkwardly; "but he has the hope that the smash may have softened his heart, and made him wish for better things; and he would, I think, like to have him near him in case he wants help."

"But mama, in spite of all the love she has for him, feels that, disgraced as he is, he is better out of sight," said Bertha, a little aggressively.

"Of course," retorted Joan, tartly, for Bertha's sentiments invariably irritated her; "she feels the disgrace where Uncle Austen only feels the sin."

"But he won't have poor Edith here for all that," Bertha flung back, being always dangerously ready to make herself her eldest sister's champion.

"How could he?" exclaimed Joan, vehemently; but Freda, the peacemaker, interposed:

"There is no doubt that papa feels about Edith even more keenly than about Neville. That is what mama can't understand. She could understand his feelings about Neville, for, as you know, she takes his disgrace so much to heart that she will not have his name even mentioned; and would not dream of letting him come here."

"Am I blind?" said Baldur, ponderingly. "For I cannot for the life of me see the distinction you draw between the two, Miss Loraine."

"Cannot you?" was Joan's reply. "No, I suppose you wouldn't. But you, Freda, surely you can see it. Uncle Austen wants to have Neville home only on the supposition that he could help him to return to God. But Edith! could you expect him to feel that sort of pity for her which would make him open his arms to her, while she acts as if she were so perfectly satisfied with what she has done? If there were any question of her being sorry for it, and anxious to undo the wrong as far as it could be undone, why then, of course, he would open every door and window of his heart to receive her. I don't believe that any of you realize what an awful thing Edith has done."

"Poor Edith!" sighed Freda, whose affectionate heart could never consent to condemnation. "It is very, very sad; but she drifted into it, you know; and I am sure that she never meant to give up her religion. I don't believe, even as it is, that she has given up her faith, and trust she will come right some day."

Joan said no more, for a pious hope that Freda's words might come true was too great a platitude to be put into words. But Baldur, after looking wonderingly at her for a few moments, said:

"I believe, Miss Loraine, that had you lived two or three centuries ago, you would have rejoiced in having heretics burnt at the stake."

"I don't know about that," she replied, returning his gaze fearlessly; "but there—I will not shock your feelings by telling you my opinions." It must be confessed that Joan's enthusiasm about her faith made her a little truculent about heresy.

"There I think you are in a minority," said he, replying to her unspoken words, "even among your co-religionists. All the Catholics of my acquaintance condemn persecution for religious opinions as heartily as I could."

How Joan detested those anonymous Catholics whom Baldur professed to have met in his travels, and whom he was for ever quoting against her. She felt sure that they were a most undesirable set of people ; though in her secret heart she disbelieved in their real existence, except as a convenient weapon with which to aggravate her, and prove Baldur's superior knowledge of Catholic practices. She could never help being irritated by his assumption of knowledge about her religion—a knowledge which though on the whole very free from prejudice was as grotesquely wide of the truth as that of others more bigoted.

"After all," she pursued, good-humouredly, swallowing her feelings of annoyance, "there are arguments which even you might see the force of. You think it right to shut up dangerous lunatics and criminals, don't you ? and if it is penal even to sell bad meat as food, my common sense refuses to see why people who spread broadcast poison for souls should be allowed to go scot-free. Now, can you answer that?"

"Very easily, Miss Loraine, for you are begging the question. We see and know the evil produced by mad dogs and bad meat ; but the evil done by heresy cannot be known, and is after all a matter of opinion."

"No," she said, quickly, "it is just the difference between faith and opinion."

"Oh, Joan, and you too, Baldur, what bores you are ! You always get on the most disagreeable subjects," exclaimed Bertha, while Maud yawned discreetly behind her hand. "Between you, you spoil all the fun."

"In that case," replied Baldur, laughing, "I had better be taking my departure. Seriously, I ought to be going, for we dine early at Cliffe, as you know ; and I must dine at home to-night as I have been away the best part of the day. By the way, Freda," he added, after he had risen from his seat, "I wish that you would come over some day—let us say to-morrow—to see my mother."

"Your mother?" repeated Freda. "Why, you know you never let any of us call on her, for you say your father hates visitors so much that any attempt to see her would only make her miserable."

"I know that I told you that, but I think I made a mistake. It is better to make a push, and not let her accept the position of being shut up in an ogre's den."

"So you want us to face the ogre, do you?" said Bertha, sharply, emphasizing his words, and giving them the personal application which all present had understood, but which she alone put into words.

"I never asked you to come, Miss Pert," replied Baldur, laughing; "and if you venture within a hundred yards of Cliffe, I will give you to the ogre to make mince-meat of. Seriously, I don't want the whole lot of you, for that would be too much of a good thing. Why should not you come over, Freda, and while you are about it, bring Miss Loraine with you, if she doesn't mind coming."

"Oh, that's the object of this wonderful invasion of the ogre's den, is it?" cried the irrepressible Bertha. "All right; then I mean to go too, and see the fun."

Baldur's colour rose slightly, for Bertha had in fact laid bare his hidden motives. To make his mother acquainted with Joan was the sole object of the concerted visit. While retailing for her amusement his various doings at Brookethorpe, he had brought in and quoted Joan's name so frequently that the old lady, whose perceptive powers were quickened by her love for her son, had jumped at conclusions which were, perhaps, a little premature. Having, however, drawn her inference, nothing would satisfy her but a promise from Baldur that he would bring the girl to Cliffe to see her, her maternal excitement leading her to ignore her reiterated objections to braving her husband's wrath by admitting strangers into his house. Hence Baldur's clumsy diplomacy which the quick-witted Bertha had so easily seen through.

"You will come, will you not, Miss Loraine?" he went on, now addressing Joan directly. "I have told you about my mother, and how dull her life is; and she so rarely consents to see any one that I am sure a visit from you will give her great pleasure."

"But, Mr. Roy," she replied, "I thought you told me that your father could not endure the thought of strangers being in the house?"

"I don't think that he ought to look on any of you as strangers," he pleaded. "Anyhow, if you don't mind taking the risk of his finding you, and looking as if he would gladly annihilate you, I will guarantee that no harm comes of it. It will be a real act of charity to my mother."

"I for my part am quite ready," replied Joan, gaily. "You

know how often I have told you that I wanted to know your mother ; and I want badly to see your father too."

"Thank you," he said, with, as she thought, unnecessary gratitude. "Then I will come over and fetch you to-morrow morning."

"Don't come before eleven," she put in quickly. "We must see the very last of Swithin."

"What!" exclaimed Baldur, turning round. "You don't mean that you are off so soon, old boy?"

"Yes," replied Swithin, "I'm back to the grindstone to-morrow ; but I don't mind a bit—in fact I like it, though I suppose this is the last whiff of country air I shall breathe this side of Christmas."

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Baldur arrived next morning at Brookethorpe he found Joan ready equipped, while Freda and Bertha, having forgotten the hour of the appointment, had still their walking things to put on. He suggested, therefore, that Joan and he should walk on towards Cliffe, leaving her two cousins to follow. It was incredible what a number of such walks he contrived to take alone with her.

"This is very kind of you, Miss Loraine," he said, as they walked along ; "more kind than you know. I can scarcely put into words how sad my mother's life makes me at times ; and nothing that I can do for her makes it any better."

"It must be better now that you are with her," exclaimed the girl, eagerly. "Your love for her must kindle new life in her."

"No," he replied, "I think that on the whole I bring an element of unrest into her life which carries pain with it."

"But," argued she, "that sort of pain must be better than torpor and deadness."

"No," he resumed, hesitatingly, "for the worst is that I cannot hide from her the indignation that I feel with my father for causing her to lead this life of slavery—for slavery it is. Forgive me if I speak like this : there is something about you which makes me say terribly indiscreet things. In his own way, my father treats her with no more consideration—let alone reverence—than an Indian has for his squaw.

I suppose it is in every man's nature to resent any indignity shown to his mother—and to see her, or any woman, treated as an inferior being, as my mother is treated at home, drives me mad. And she sees that I'm savage, and that makes her really miserable."

"Perhaps it gives her joy, too," ventured Joan.

"Upon my word," Baldur went on, disregarding her optimistic interruption, "my father ought to have been a Mussulman, who does not believe that women have souls. If there is a difference, I fancy it is the other way. If women only chose they could govern the world."

"What!" said Joan, half mockingly. "Are you going to take up the rights of women cry?"

"You know better," he replied, gaily. "You know how mad I was the other day with that Mrs. Somerville-Jones, with her manly hat and coat, smoking and talking slang. I often wonder why it is that when women go in for being manly, they take the most objectionable men as their models."

"Why?" she said, laughing. "Because, it is, of course, easier to copy a sign-board than a Raphael or a Titian."

Thus they talked lightly and carelessly in the sunshine of their lives, till—as he often did in the middle of such talks—Baldur changed his tone and said quietly and reverently: "You women do not know what you are, or what you can do. Do you know I have always great sympathy with the worship of the Virgin Mary that you Catholics have."

"I'm glad that you have sympathy," she replied, coldly, feeling at once on the defensive; "though I doubt your knowing much about what it consists in."

"At any rate," he replied, equally coldly, for he detected the antagonistic note in her tone, "I know enough to be sympathetic."

There followed an awkward pause, and then he continued: "Of course, I don't pretend to understand your religion as a Catholic would; I don't go in for it; but I know enough to respect it."

"I don't think anybody outside quite understands," replied Joan, with pain in her voice. "It is all fighting against phantoms."

"What a lot there is to talk about," he exclaimed, suddenly changing his tone and turning round, for he heard footsteps close to them; and Bertha, breathless with running, joined

them, while the stouter Freda laboured more painfully at a little distance.

Mrs. Roy, who had been all the morning in a state of trepidation at the prospect of the unwonted visit, and who had spent the whole time since Baldur's departure in going backwards and forwards between the drawing-room and the entrance hall, met the party at the door. Unfortunately, it was always her way to listen to the dictates of her heart, and ignore those of her head, in which lay much unused, rusty good-sense. Obeying her first impulse, she now made a little rush at Joan, and, taking her by the hand, led her into the drawing-room, without even greeting the other girls. Baldur coloured with vexation, both at the awkwardness of the moment and the dread of what might follow; nor was his discomfiture abated by the hoydenish signs and gestures which Bertha made behind the old lady's back.

Meanwhile Mrs. Roy, with brisk little steps, trotted her captive to the window, and, pushing the girl's hat back from her forehead, examined her intently. Joan, though feeling foolish and uncomfortable under the scrutiny, was blissfully unconscious of Mrs. Roy's hidden motives, of which, however, her cousins and Baldur were acutely aware.

"Yes, dear, I like you," said the old lady at last; "and I am sure I shall like you better and better."

Then she sat down, and, placing the girl on a chair by her side, set to work—still keeping Joan's hand in hers—to talk volubly about her one absorbing topic, Baldur's perfections. Freda's kind heart made her feel sorry for every one, while Bertha tittered behind a photograph-album, which she used as a screen. As for poor Baldur, he grew more and more miserable, and bitterly reproached himself for not having foreseen what would happen. Several times he tried vainly to change the conversation, but his mother shook her finger at him and wagged her head knowingly, which made him feel that his protests did more harm than good, and served only to accentuate her very unqualified praise. So he took refuge in assumed unconsciousness, and talked more nonsense to Freda than he had ever talked in his life. It was with real delight that he hailed an interruption that came from the old butler, who wanted his advice about some matter connected with the stables, and carried him off to make personal investigations.

Meanwhile Joan, being possessed with a spirit of obliviousness which did not do much credit to her powers of observation, sat and listened to the old lady's talk with an interest quite unmixed with self-consciousness. Baldur had often talked to her about his mother and of their peculiar relationship towards each other, until she had drawn to herself a vivid picture of the old woman. As she now sat by her side, having her hand fondly patted by the shrivelled old hand of Baldur's mother, on the finger of which her thin wedding ring hung so loosely as to be in constant danger of falling off, it interested the girl to find how like the reality was to the portrait drawn by her imagination; and the silly, loving prattle filled her with a deep sense of pity which was strangely akin to love.

"Now, you do like him, don't you? Say you do," pleaded the old lady, as soon as Baldur had left the room. The question produced an audible titter from Bertha. Both Joan and Freda glanced angrily at her, but Mrs. Roy paid no attention, and only repeated the question more urgently.

"I do like him, Mrs. Roy," said Joan, firmly. "I like him very much. We have become great friends."

"And you see how good he is, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the girl, with an imperceptible hesitation, "I think he is a very good man."

"You don't half know what he is, Miss Loraine," persisted Mrs. Roy, who thought Joan's praise much too qualified. "How could you know, meeting him as you do, away from his home. You must live with him to know all that he is. You cannot even dream what he is to his poor, stupid old mother—he so bright and clever!" and as she spoke there was a half-sob in her voice. "And little children love him so much, my dear; and you know how true their instincts are, bless their little hearts. Even the dumb beasts trust him. You do like him for that, now don't you?"

Joan, fortunately for her, was required to take no further part in the conversation; a dumb-show sign of assent being quite sufficient to inspire the old lady with a whole fresh volume of praises of her son.

"And he never does anything wrong," she continued. "Of course, he was mischievous and headstrong when he was little; but I myself like to see that in a boy. But now that he is a man, he always does what he thinks right, and it is not

all of us who can say that about themselves, is it, my dear? You cannot think what a high opinion his friends have of him; and he is so thoughtful and helpful in the village with his cricket and his libraries; and even the poor savages he came across in his travels somewhere or other—dear me, where was it? I am so stupid about those things—but there, it does not matter where it was. Well, they were so fond of him that they wanted to keep him with them altogether, which I never could have allowed. And all the servants worship him, my dear. Really the maids would do anything for him, he is so nice to them—quite in a proper way of course, my dear. Now, you think that nice, don't you? If all men were like my Baldur, we might do away with prisons and policemen altogether!"

This climax to Mrs. Roy's panegyric quite broke down Freda and Bertha's powers of gravity; and they burst into a laugh in which Joan joined. The old lady looked distressed.

"What is it, my dears?" she asked, looking from one to the other. "What have I said wrong? Don't you like what I have said? You don't think I have been inventing, do you, my dears? Or—or," she continued, stammering, "is it—oh, dear me, I for the moment forgot—is it that you think it wrong to like any one but a Roman Catholic? You think, perhaps—oh, dear me—that he cannot be good because he is not of your way of thinking? But you are mistaken, my dear, Miss Loraine I mean, I can assure you you are; and he—oh, Baldur could never be a Roman Catholic, even to please *you*!"

At last Joan's obtuseness was vanquished, and a tell-tale blush suffused her face as she obtained an inkling of the motive of Mrs. Roy's string of maternal praises, and of her affectionate manner to herself. Fortunately for her peace of mind she attributed the notion of there being anything between her and Baldur to nothing but an incomprehensible fancy which the old lady had taken to her, combined with an inveterate inclination to match-making.

"I do like him very much," she replied to Mrs. Roy's last appeal. The words she used were those which she had already repeated about a dozen times in the course of the visit, but now her tone was different. "I do like him, and I do think him a good man, although he is not a Catholic. Shall I tell you a secret?" she added, with a smile which went far towards

winning back the old lady's temporarily lost favour. "I have sometimes felt provoked that he should be so good without being a Catholic."

"Oh, fie, you naughty girl," cried the other. "But here comes Baldur himself. I must tell him what you say. Just think what this naughty girl has been saying about you!"

Joan flushed, and Baldur flushed sympathetically. Both felt an equal terror of the words about to follow, when salvation came from a very unexpected quarter.

The door opened sharply, and in walked the ogre, Mr. Roy, with a pipe in his mouth, slippers on his feet, smoking-cap on his head, and no coat on his back. For a moment he stared silently at the intruders, while they in return gazed mutely at his scowling countenance, with its shaggy brows, deep-set eyes, and splendid forehead.

"I beg your pardon," he growled, as he mechanically removed the pipe from his mouth; the action as well as the conventional words being forced from him by some long-forgotten habit. There was, however, an unpleasant glitter in his eye as he spoke, which might have convinced any one of the real state of his mind.

"I thought you were alone," he went on, turning snarlingly to his wife. "Just come, and do up this parcel for me. Look sharp, that's all, for it must catch this post."

"Let me do it for you, father," said Baldur, before his mother had time to move.

"Oh, I won't trouble you, my boy," replied the old bear, with a surly sort of politeness towards his son; and then he stumped away without another word. Baldur bit his lip fiercely, but said no more; while Mrs. Roy, giving a hasty kiss to Joan, and shaking her finger playfully at her and Baldur conjointly, trotted off as cheerfully as could be.

"Well, we had better be off, or we shall be late for luncheon," said Freda, feeling, as did her sister and cousin, that the sooner they were out of the house the better. They left Baldur behind them, though it had been arranged that he should accompany them back to Brookethorpe. He knew that his mother would have more than usual to put up with from his father's temper, as the penalty for the discomfort and momentary confusion to which she had indirectly subjected him; and her son did not intend that she should bear the brunt of it alone.

Reviews.

I.—JESUITS.¹

A RECENT writer in the *Pilot*, called by it "Our French Correspondent," says of Père du Lac's new book, *Jésuites*: "Mentioning people too often will bring trouble upon them, and I do not think that Père du Lac was at all wise to give that bold, decisive, defiant title, *Jésuites*, as a title to his book." One does not see what there is bold, decisive, and defiant in the title of *Jésuites* being given to a book about Jesuits, or why it should be excessive for a Jesuit to give a short statement of the true facts about his Order at a time when the falsest and most gruesome accounts of it are being circulated industriously by its enemies; and are even being made the basis, the only basis, for a Bill, which, if it becomes law, will have the effect of withdrawing from a perfectly innocent work some three thousand of its members, all peaceable members of society, and casting them out into the streets despoiled of their only means of subsistence. Since, however, the Jesuits are to be sentenced without trial, fair-minded people may be disposed to welcome the temperate statement of the Society's defence which is to be read in Père du Lac's pages.

The book is divided into three parts, of which the first deals with some of the venerable fictions which have come down from the past. They have now been served up again in a *rechauffé* for the purposes of the campaign against the Society, and are found by its assailants to do excellent duty as a substitute for judicial inquiry into the more modern allegations. Père du Lac's compendious and popular answer may likewise do useful duty with those incapable of more profound studies. His way of meeting the indictment of the *Lettres Provinciales* is a case in point. The gist of this indictment was that the Jesuits have two doctrines on moral matters, one very rigid for the use of strictly conscientious people, another very lax for administration to

¹ *Jésuites*. Par le Père du Lac, de la Compagnie de Jesus. Paris: Librairie Plon.

those who might otherwise be repelled from their spiritual direction. A competent student, who will take the pains to make a careful examination into the works of the Moral Theologians—Jesuits or non-Jesuits, for all are alike in this—will not fail to see by what dishonest artifices this misrepresentation of their teaching has been manufactured. But for persons incapable of this, Père du Lac's indirect answer is the best. Accordingly, Père du Lac, after first collecting some testimonies of well-known anti-Catholic writers to the real character of Pascal's caricatures, applies to them a striking historical test. It was a combination of the Jansenistic and Voltairian parties which was working for the suppression of the Society throughout the French dominions in the middle of the eighteenth century, but they were powerless to effect their purpose until they could gain over Louis XV. to their views. This they achieved in the following way. Madame de Pompadour, the King's famous mistress, coveted a high office in the Queen's household. The Queen, wishing to repel her, said no one was eligible who did not go regularly to the sacraments. Madame de Pompadour accordingly began to play the *devote*, and asked Père du Sacy to undertake her spiritual direction. He consented on one condition, that she should give up her *liaison* with the King, and leave Court entirely. This she would not do, but went on pressing for absolution, and even got the King to require the Jesuit confessor to yield. He persisted, however, in his refusal, with the full approval of his brethren, and the King's own S.J. confessor likewise refused the sacraments to the King himself. Then the King's anger was excited, and the Society was suppressed by royal act. If there had been any truth in Pascal's contention, here, argues Père du Lac, was a case in which it would have been verified.

In his Second Part Père du Lac deals with the modern grievances against the Jesuits in France—that they are politicians, that they strive to maintain a line of cleavage between one class of the French youth and the rest, that they have immense wealth. This last charge is made in more general terms against the Religious as a body. In that way only could the imposing figure of a thousand milliards be displayed. It must not be supposed that these statistics have been arrived at by any of the ordinary calculations of statisticians. It is a mere off-hand assignment, the worth of which may be tested by comparison with the capitalized value of the revenues of the same Religious assessed

for taxation in 1895, 493,216,820 francs, a sum not half of the supposed milliard, a sum too which has been calculated as reducible to 3,754 per Religious, or £171, no very alarming sum. It includes the goods of the authorized as well as the unauthorized Religious Orders, whilst it is the unauthorized Orders which M. Waldeck-Rousseau professes to be desirous of destroying as a danger to the country. Indeed, the property of the authorized communities is much the largest element in the whole—500 millions out of 712 millions, as Père du Lac deduces from the figures so far supplied by the Government. Again, all this property of the Religious is treated as if it were available for the maintenance of the Religious and the alleged war-chest for action against the Republic, and no account is taken of the immense multitudes of pupils, orphans, sick, aged, and others, to contain whom the premises have to be so large, and to maintain whom the larger proportion of the whole has to be devoted.

The Third Part is entitled, *Coup d'œil sur l'Avenir*, though its matter seems to refer as much to the present as the future. Its first chapter shows with many useful illustrations how groundless is the suspicion that the Jesuits have mixed themselves up with politics of any kind, good or bad. But the most interesting portion of this Third Part will be that bearing on the foreign missions conducted by the French Religious of both sexes, and the part they have played in the spread of French influence. Perhaps readers belonging to other nations will not see with quite the same eyes the intention avowed by the Religious and their government to work for the extension of French dominion as well as for the spread of the faith. But we realize easily from the statistics what M. Gambetta meant by saying that "Clericalism was not an article for exportation;" and we realize too the nice mess into which Waldeck-Rousseau is going to get the colonial enterprises of his country by a campaign which we feel has no other motive to inspire it save hatred of Jesus Christ.

2.—HOLY MATRIMONY.¹

Canon Knox-Little's *Holy Matrimony* is a volume contributed to the Oxford Library of Practical Theology, a series edited by Canon Newbolt and Mr. Darwell Stone, which aims at

¹ *Holy Matrimony*. By the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

interpreting theological teaching on matters of practical religion to educated laymen who require something solid and convincing but not too learned. The subject of the present volume is well-chosen for that purpose, seeing how much astray is the popular mind as regards the nature of Holy Matrimony. The author writes from the standpoint of a High Churchman, which is also ours, at least on the majority of points. His style too is clear and pleasant, and as such will make his work, which is well argued out, acceptable and useful to those for whom it is intended. Naturally he has much to say on the indissolubility of the marriage bond, and he says it very well. This is noticeably the case with his discussion of the reasons in favour of divorce, and with his exegesis of the difficult language of Matt. xix. 3—9. We like, also, particularly his chapter on the Moral Obligations of Marriage, and those following thereon, which ably correct some mischievous modern fallacies. For instance, he writes thus of the most mischievous fallacy of all :

People are apt to look upon themselves in some sense as machines, worked, so to speak, by fate ; that if they love, they love, and they cannot choose but love ; and that if love diminishes in course of time, again they are victims of Fate. . . . We divide in thought our spiritual constitution into intellect, affection, and will ; but as a matter of fact we are one, and the affections have a great deal to do with the thoughts, and these with the will. If there is that drawing together of souls with respect and affection, which is the true way of leading to the marriage bond, the preservation of that love, so that it be not only sincere, but also lasting and deepening, depends to a very great extent upon ourselves and how we deliberately put away to the utmost of our power all things that tend to weaken or disturb such affection.

In the chapter on the Question of Marriage with Near of Kin, while sympathizing with the author's purpose of opposing the removal of the State impediment to marriage with a deceased's wife's sister, we cannot agree with his mode of using the Scripture evidence. He refers to Leviticus xviii. 3, where the list of Mosaic impediments to marriage with near of kin is prefaced by a general warning to the Israelites not to do "after the doings of the land of Egypt wherein ye dwelt," and he argues from this reference to Egypt, that these impediments are all of universal obligation, and therefore of Divine law for all time. But the allusion to Egypt was sufficiently in point if the more important of the prohibitions are of universal obligation. It was to be expected that a

positive system of law about to be enacted would go somewhat beyond the bare requirements of the law of nature, and add some further provisions to create what the Jews would have called a hedge around it. Nor is it easy to see how the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister can be held to be of natural law, whilst the Law of the Levirate is sanctioned by the Mosaic legislation. Canon Knox-Little indeed suggests that "the Jews adopted (this institution) from neighbouring nations, and (that) it cannot be looked upon in the Mosaic legislation otherwise than as a concession to human weakness." But the legislation concerning it in Deut. xxv. is expressed in language which cannot be called concessive, for it represents the man who declines to fulfil the obligation of the Levirate as acting basely; nor is there place for concession in a law which belongs to the natural law. The Catholic Church holds that the Jewish positive law perished with the covenant to which it belonged, and that if many of its prescriptions, these of matrimonial impediments included, are still in force, this is because the Catholic Church, in the exercise of the power left to her by our Lord, has re-enacted them. On such a theory marriage with a deceased wife's sister is forbidden on account of its general inadvisability, but by a law which admits of dispensation in exceptional cases. It seems to us that this is the only theory on which the validity of the impediment to such marriages can be satisfactorily demonstrated.

In his chapter on the Relation of Celibacy to Marriage, Canon Knox-Little gets so near to the Catholic doctrine, that we wonder he has not quite reached it. He has some forcibly expressed reasoning about the excellence of the virginal state, deducing it from the virginal birth of our Lord, but eventually he concludes that "if we take a right view of the needs and vocation of human souls, we shall not need to talk of the celibate life being more perfect than the married life." Unquestionably the married life is not only a necessity for mankind, but also a most excellent state, and, since its elevation to a sacramental character, an abiding fountain of grace. But the sole fact—which the Canon realizes so thoroughly—of our feeling that any other than a virginal birth in our Lord's case would have been intolerable, proves that we instinctively regard the celibate state as more excellent still.

3.—M. KURTH'S CLOVIS.¹

In spite of its artistic embellishments and its inconvenient size, the sumptuous work on Clovis published some five years since by M. Godefroid Kurth, was a book not merely to be looked at but also to be read. We are sorry in a sense to part with the pictures; many of them were archæologically interesting and helpful for the illustration of the letter-press, but we are none the less unfeignedly glad to have the text as now issued by Victor Retaux printed in two handy volumes, revised, supplemented, and in some sense indexed. Let us begin by fault-finding. It is the only point we have found to quarrel with. The Index is distressingly inadequate and in many respects simply ridiculous. It is confined to proper names, and each volume is indexed separately. What conceivable use to any human being can it be to find the name *Clovis* followed by five long columns of figures without any other indication whatever of what is to be found on the pages so referred to. Is it likely that any reader would go to the trouble of looking up these three hundred references in the hope of finding some particular point he was in search of? It would take less time to read the book through from cover to cover. On the other hand, the names of modern writers seem to be omitted altogether; so that any one who looks at the Index to learn what criticisms M. Kurth has passed on Bruno Krusch, for instance, criticisms which form one of the most valuable features of the Appendices, will find that under the letter K there is no entry of any kind. But this is of course a detail of no great moment. We speak of it only because we value so highly the stores of information which are packed away in these pregnant but lucid pages. It is a pity that such materials should not be rendered as accessible as possible to the students who are anxious to profit by them.

In awarding to M. Kurth for this work "*le 1er prix d'Antiquités nationales*," the French Institute have passed a verdict upon the historical scholarship displayed in it which relieves a critic of the more serious part of his duties. But while it would be superfluous to commend what has already received such high approval, we may at least express our appreciation here of the living, human interest which M. Kurth has had the skill to

¹ *Clovis*. Par Godefroid Kurth. Deuxième Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 356 and 324 pp. Paris: Victor Retaux, 1901.

impart to his work and the thoroughly Christian tone which the author has found quite consistent with critical scholarship. A biography like the present seems to us for most purposes to be more really valuable than a general history. It would be impossible for any intelligent reader to master this work without acquiring a thorough grasp of a most important period, the key to the understanding of subsequent events, both secular and ecclesiastical. The Frankish Court in the fifth century was the focus of Western Christendom, and although of course Clovis, and St. Clothilde, Theodoric, Syagrius, and St. Remi, St. Geneviève of Paris and St. Cæsarius of Arles mean more to Frenchmen than they do to us, the reader would be singularly narrow in his sympathies in whom the story of these past triumphs of the Church awoke no responsive chord.

4—THE MONKS OF THE EAST.¹

It is natural that a great deal of attention should have been directed of late years to the beginnings of monasticism. As Dom J. M. Besse very truly says in the work before us, the Rule of St. Benedict, the most important and far-reaching of all the influences which have contributed to the civilization of modern Europe, drew its inspiration beyond all other sources from the lives and the writings of the Fathers of the Desert. The more thoroughly we can acquaint ourselves with the institutions of Oriental asceticism in the early centuries, the better we shall be enabled to understand the work of the cloister in leavening the barbarism of the peoples of the West, and in building up, as it undoubtedly has done, the external discipline of the Christian life which means so much to all of us.

The volume of Dom J. M. Besse, whilst it must be described, we think, as a popular rather than a scientific treatise, has evidently cost its author a good deal of labour of an unpretending kind. To all those whose profession or tastes lead them to take an interest in the past history of monastic life, but who are not too particular about having before them the last word of the most advanced scholarship, Dom Besse's work will be most acceptable. Undoubtedly the book needs to be judged, as the author himself begs that it may be, rather from the standpoint

¹ *Les Moines d'Orient, antérieurs au Concile de Chalcédoine.* Par Dom J. M. Besse. 8vo, 560 pp. Paris: H. Oudin, 1900.

of the writer who planned and executed it, than from that of the reader's special interests. We shall do well then to give prominence to this design which is very clearly summarized in the last sentences of the Preface.

"The monks of the East," says Dom Besse, "are the fore-runners of the monks of the West. The manner of life of the former, their rules, their plan of recruiting and of training their novices, their system of diet, their liturgy, their occupations, their dress, in a word their whole religious life, have served as a model to those who succeeded them in Western lands. It is indispensable to have an exact idea of all these things before attempting the study of the institutions under which the latter lived."

This is the sort of information which Dom Besse's work aims at imparting. It is pleasantly written, and despite its size and the multitude of details necessary to the treatment of such a subject, it will not, we fancy, be considered a dry book by the majority of its readers. There are, however, certain drawbacks, and among the rest a large crop of misprints. It is not encouraging to meet upon the first page a twice-repeated reference to the edition of Palladius by Dom Butlet. We could have wished also that Dom Cuthbert Butler's masterly dissertation, and also Father Delehaye's various papers (his name appears on page 45 as Delahay) had been more frequently consulted. Perhaps the articles of Dr. Karl Schiwietz on Oriental monachism in the *Archiv für Katholisches Kirchenrecht* have appeared too recently to be of much service to the author, but we venture to call his attention to them in case a second edition of *Les Moines d'Orient* should be called for. One thing which we find it very hard to pardon in such a book is the absence of an Index.

5.—THE LAST YEARS OF ST. PAUL.¹

This book, we suppose, is to be regarded as the final volume of the series which M. l'Abbé Fouard has devoted to the story of our Saviour's Life and to the birth-period of the Church which He had come to found. Whether the learned author will be tempted to follow the example of M. Renan, for whose works he supplies so admirable an antidote, and to extend still further his study of the Christain origins, there is nothing to

¹ *The Last Years of St. Paul.* By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated by F. X. Griffith. London and New York: Longmans, 1901.

tell us in the Preface or text of this new instalment. We certainly shall be sorry to take a final leave of the Abbé Fouard. The erudition, the utility, and the interest of this whole series of volumes are so great that ordinary terms of commendation seem to us banal and inadequate. There is even a considerable charm of style, not entirely lost in the rendering which Mr. F. X. Griffith has provided for this volume as for its predecessors. But what we most admire is the thorough scholarship which keeps fully abreast of modern critical developments, when coupled with a genuine piety and reverence of treatment, which, nevertheless, does not create the irritating impression that the author is aiming at edification solely for edification's sake.

In the volume before us there is perhaps less variety and incident than in those which have preceded it. The author, as he tells us, has had to draw his facts largely from the Epistles, and they do afford very much foothold for those who are trying primarily to sketch the outlines of the external history of the infant Church. None the less M. l'Abbé Fouard has made skilful use of such episodes as the persecution of the Christians under Nero, the campaign in Judea of Cestius Gallus, and the final destruction of Jerusalem, and has managed to light up his narrative with many vivid pages. Of the more exegetical chapters we would specially commend that on the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is a model of compression joined with clearness, and the author may be warmly congratulated on the skilful handling of this rather dry and difficult task.

We have already commended the translator's share in this work. His version possesses the one indispensable quality of a translation, it reads on the whole smoothly and well. None the less, it is not immaculate. The Preface alone supplies several instances of questionable idioms—perhaps they are Americanisms, but they jar rather on English ears. For instance, we must be allowed to protest against: "He feels how that the Divine Master is moving him," &c., or, "the work before us aims to show," or, "the only piece of evidence which the Rationalists agree in throwing out of court."

6.—CATHOLIC MISSIONS.¹

Under the title of *France et Allemagne*, M. A. Kannengieser has carefully collected the statistics of the Religious Congregations in France and Germany who engage in foreign missions. It

¹ *Les Missions Catholiques. France et Allemagne.* Par A. Kannengeiser. Paris: Lethielleux.

is an interesting record. The name of each Congregation is given, together with the names of the missions under their charge, and the number of their members who are at work in the same. When these numbers are added up, it appears that France has some hundred Congregations, and between 180,000 and 185,000 missionaries, and that Germany has about twenty different Congregations, and about 37,000 members. In these figures, the Religious of both sexes are included, and in the German figures the novices are included, but not in the French, so that the true proportion of French to German missionaries is somewhat more favourable to the former country. The budgets for the support of the missions are again, and in a similar proportion, in favour of France. Germany contributes 1,826,166 francs, and France contributes 6,047,231 francs. Still, to an English reader, a budget of 6,000,000 francs, though so goodly in itself, impresses rather by reason of its comparative smallness when we contrast it with the sum of over a million and a quarter of pounds sterling, or 31,250,000 francs, the average yearly sum which English Protestantism contributes to its foreign missions fund.

We do not, however, call attention to this comparison with any view of undervaluing the splendid services which France is rendering to the cause of Catholic foreign missions. As M. Kannengeiser truly observes, the number and quality of religious vocations in a country are a sure measure of the religious state of a people, and the French missionaries are conspicuous not merely for their numbers and for the funds contributed for their support, but still more for that which is not measurable by figures—their heroic self-sacrifice. Sir William Hunter has somewhere noticed how the Catholic missionary in India renounces the comforts which to European residents seem necessities, lives the life of the native, and shares his food. It is chiefly the missionaries of France whom he had in mind. Indeed, what should we do in the vast British Empire, with its many fields for missionary enterprise, without the aid supplied by France in men and means. And how anxious we feel now at the thought that these invaluable missionary agencies are about to be attacked at their source.

We emphasize this point because, unfortunately, M. Kannengeiser spoils his interesting little volume by giving it a polemical character, and expressing himself with an unpleasant petulance. He is irritated because of the disposition recently manifested in Germany to decline the French Protectorate for its foreign

missionaries. It is a matter, we know, to which the Holy Father has just been referring in his letter to Cardinal Richard. But we presume the Pope, in confirming the Protectorate of France, does not wish to hinder the missionaries of another race—Germans, for instance—from claiming the protection of their own Sovereign. He can mean only, that when the missionary's own Sovereign showed no disposition to stand by him, France has, in past days, shown a readiness to take the matter up in her zeal for the propagation of the Gospel. It was natural that the Popes should recognize and approve highly of such a readiness, and should strive to maintain it. Whether they can continue to recognize it in French Governments which openly profess to care about it only as a means of extending French political influence, and are fiercely destroying at home those whom they claim to protect abroad, is a point we need not consider, as the Pope himself has considered it in the letter mentioned.

7.—CHURCH MUSIC.

To compose a musical setting to the Mass is a very ambitious task, and should be undertaken only by writers of exceptional ability. Of late years one of our foremost composers, Professor Stanford, has published a Mass of great interest, and we sincerely hope that his example will be followed by other distinguished native musicians. But success in this form is only to be attained by a man of original ability and high technical training, and with a keen sense of the words he intends to illustrate. The Third Mass in C, by Mr. Walter Blake,¹ shows few of the requisite qualities. The choruses consist for the most part of meaningless progressions of chords, and suggest that the writer has not been at pains to acquire a knowledge of counterpoint, while the melodies are poor, and, as a rule, reminiscent. The work, moreover, is lacking in dignity. The influence of a bad tradition is apparent in it, and we advise Mr. Blake to study the scores of the great masters of his art before attempting another ambitious work.

"Bone Pastor"² is a graceful, carefully-written motet, melodious, well harmonized, and quite easy to sing. There should be a demand for pieces of this description, pieces which are devotional in spirit, and can be used on many occasions, and rendered without effort by ordinary choirs.

¹ *Third Mass in C.* Composed by Mr. Walter Blake. London: Burns and Oates.

² *Bone Pastor.* By Charles Raymond-Barker, S.J. London: Carey and Co.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE little *Jubilee Manual* (being the Meditations of Bishop Bossuet, with a Preliminary Instruction, &c., by Father Thurston), published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, seems to us to meet a very real want. It consists primarily of a translation of Bossuet's *Méditations pour le Temps du Jubilé*, an admirably sober and yet devotional work, which may be strongly commended to all who find the conception of Indulgences perplexing or unattractive. To this is prefixed an Introduction by Father Thurston, giving in some detail all the practical information that is necessary for those who wish to gain the Jubilee. At the end are printed certain prayers for the visits paid to the churches, prayers which have a special interest for English Catholics, inasmuch as they have come down to us from the time of Dr. Challoner. The translation is well done, and many scraps of interesting information will be found scattered up and down in the Preface and notes.

We are glad to welcome an attractively printed little volume which has been recently published to do honour to "Our Ladye of Walsingham" (*Our Ladye of Walsingham*, by Dom H. Feasey and Henry Curties. Weston-super-Mare, 1901). Type, paper, and illustrations combine to make this brochure very inviting to the eye. Dom Feasey, it is true, has found little to add to the very full account of Walsingham given in the *Pietas Mariana Britannica* of the late Mr. Waterton, but Captain Curties contributes some interesting notes upon the pilgrim chapel of Houghton-le-Dale. The purpose with which this little volume is published is so excellent that we ought perhaps to refrain from criticism, but we cannot withhold a word of protest against the rather frequent misprints in the earlier part of the brochure. It is hard to understand how such an impossible form as *lignes* for *ligneo* can have been allowed to remain on two consecutive pages.

It is only necessary to announce and welcome the new edition by the Art and Book Company of the late Mr. Heneage

Dering's Life of his wife, Lady Chatterton. No better witness to the true character of the Catholic religion can be borne than by portraying as is here done, and to so large an extent from a private diary, the beautiful life of one of those who have been drawn to embrace it. The Life of Lady Chatterton is also attractive for the numerous incidents it records of her intercourse with the celebrities of a former generation.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued a reprint of *Callista*, a book which should never go out of fashion, because no young Catholic as he grows up should omit to read it.

Br. Frederick Brandscheid, who a few years back published a critical edition of the Greek and Latin texts of the New Testament, now brings out a second edition of the same (Herder), but in a somewhat altered form, so as to be better adapted to the use of young students. The Greek text is given on the verso, the Vulgate on the recto pages, the former apparently being the *textus receptus*, the latter that of Vercellone's recension. At the end are two tables of critical notes to the successive chapters, and at the beginning three Prefaces explanatory of the principles. It is to be feared that these explanations will not be found too clear by the young students. Indeed we do not feel quite sure ourselves that we understand them. But the author dissents from the systems of Tischendorff, of Tregelles, and of Westcott-Hort, and falls back on Lachmann as representing the critical position taken up by St. Jerome. He thinks we cannot improve on St. Jerome, who had a supply of manuscripts better than are in our hands, and hence he lays great stress on the Vulgate readings, though acknowledging that some of them are endeavours to render the sense rather than the exact words of the original. He attaches, too, more importance than is usual to the reading of Codex D. The table of variants at the end might, it seems to us, have been fuller. Thus in six places only in the first six chapters of St. Mark are the variants noted, nor do these six appear to be of any special importance. After the table of variants comes another annotating the places, or rather some of them, in which the Vulgate and Greek texts differ, and giving the author's explanation of the difference, which is usually that the Vulgate has rendered *ad sensum*. So far the volume containing only the Four Gospels has appeared, but another is to follow with the remainder of the New Testament. The edition is nicely printed, and will be handy for use.

Meditationes ad usum Alumnorum Seminarii Archiepiscopalis

Mechlinensis et Sacerdotum (Dessain) is a book of meditations which has been in use for some time in the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Mechlin. It is now enlarged and published for wider use. In the first volume we have meditations for the three ways, Purgative, Illuminative, Unitive; in the second, meditations on the Priest's standard of perfection, on the principal feasts, and on the Holy Eucharist. Some of the meditations are marked with an asterisk, and these, as the short Preface explains, are from the *Sapientia Christiana* of Arvisenet. They are retained "on account of the sweetness of their doctrine," and no wonder. They are beautiful, and it seems to us a pity that the same type has not been followed in the rest, which are excellent in their way, but are rather spiritual instructions than aids to meditation.

The Catholic Truth Society sends us five more of Lady Herbert's *Wayside Tales*; some further numbers of the Bishop of Clifton's *Early History of the Church of God*; also *Readings for Sundays and Holidays*, the beginning of a series of leaflets, each of which gives the Gospel for the Sunday and a suggestive Reading. The series begins with the First Sunday in Lent.

The Guide to the Oratory (Burns and Oates) has required a re-issue, and is now in its tenth thousand. It deserves its success, for it is not only an account of an interesting church, but besides the bare description, contains a fair bit of history and religious instruction.

L'Orient et La Croisade du XXme Siècle is an account, by the R. P. Francois, one of the Catholic missionaries to Armenia, of the work of L'Œuvre de l'Orient, the great French Missionary Society which does for the Missions in the near East what the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Sainte-Enfance do for those of the Far East and the foreign missions generally. Naturally it has much to say about the Armenian massacres which excited so much indignation a few years since, and it has some heart-rending illustrations of horrors for which the author can bear testimony. It gives also the statistics of the missions of the Œuvre de l'Orient, and some touching letters from the communities victimized by the massacres. It can be obtained by a letter enclosing an alms for these works, addressed to Père Francois, at 102, Rue de l'Arbre-Benit, Bruxelles.

Father Fawkes's sermon, entitled, *Passing of the Queen* (Burns and Oates), is written with distinction, and was worth printing as an illustration of what the real feelings of English Catholics are in regard to the late Queen.

The First Annual Report of the Catholic Newspaper Guild has been published and is worthy of inspection. It shows a good record of work done, especially in sending out Catholic literature to the troops. It is to be congratulated on its zealous Secretary, Mr. Dudley Baxter.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 2 and 16.)

The Pope and the New Century. A Schism in Italy. Evolution and Animal Intelligence. Biblical Studies (the Sacred Text). Victoria, Queen of England. The new Encyclical *Graves de communi*. Free Will and Determinism. Metrical Standards and Scientific Instruments. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE.

The Papal Constitution on Communities with Simple Vows. The Letters of a Life Guard in the service of Louis XVIII. *M. de Malus*. The Final Revelation. *F. de Curley*. M. Jules Lemaitre once more to the fore. *Abbé Delfour*. The Portiuncula Indulgence. *F. Vernet*. Reviews, &c.

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (February 5.)

Occultism and its Mishaps. *L. Roure*. A Jansenist adviser of the Government. *P. Dudon*. The Association Laws. Priests who are Religious. *H. Prélôt*. The unauthorized Congregation of the Grand Orient. *E. Abt*. The French Iliad of the Nineteenth Century. *V. Delaporte*. Letters from China. *J. Tobar*. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (February.)

1901: A look before and after. Labour and Wages according to St. Thomas. *Dr. K. Hilgenreiner*. The International Catholic Congress at Munich. *Dr. H. Kihn*. The *Missa Præsanctificationum* and its history. *Raible*. Father Braunsberger's Edition of B. Peter Canisius's Letters. *Dr. Bellesheim*.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE.

Canvas and Half-Tone. *L. Humblet*. The Memoirs of the Marquis de Bonneval. *H. de Ridder*. Perugia. *A. Goffin*. Crime in Belgium. *C. de Lannoy*. Travel in Russia. *M. Harmant*. Reviews, &c.

